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AN EVENING WITH HENRY

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Southeast Asia

OFFSHORE OIL BOOM

BARRY WEISBERG

●

California Shake-up

DEMOCRATIC NEW GUARD

MARY ELLEN LEARY

●

A BOUT OF THACKERAY

ROBERT HATCH

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LETTERS

jailing the judge

North Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Paul E. Wilson's account of his brief experience in durance vile as a pragmatic fillip for potential prosecutors and judges ["Voluntary Convict: A Square's Night Behind Bars," *The Nation*, Feb. 15], was long recommended as educational seasoning by my one-time teacher Harry Elmer Barnes. With these differences: the exposure to prison life should be a *mandatory* prelude to assuming office; the stint would be a full month, a fortnight in county jail and an equal period in a maximum security installation; and, more important, no one but those in high authority would know that the students were anything but routine inmates. Thus the exposure could have true and conceivably lasting significance for the censoring years to come. . . . *John Bright*

long voyage home

Beverly Hills, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: When President Nixon says he is going to get our boys out of Vietnam, I believe him. Naturally, in order to confuse our adversaries, the President is not about to divulge the itinerary of withdrawal.

Obviously, our troops could move out of Vietnam eastward, by sea, or westward, by land. Due to the high cost and uncertainties of shipping, and in order to save the taxpayers money, Mr. Nixon has apparently chosen the longer but cheaper route to the west.

A mere glance at a map will convince anyone that our troops are heading home by way of Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, Burma, Pakistan, India, Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, the Middle East, and the coast of North Africa. In about five years, the vanguard of the withdrawing troops should reach the Atlantic coast for the short homeward journey by ship. Meanwhile, it will be necessary to send reinforcements in order to garrison the evacuation route, to shore up friendly generals and colonels, and to conduct extensive "pacification" operations all along the line. *Aris Anagnos*

after the earthquake

DEAR SIRS: In the 1950s, the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles was a haven for many who came under the blows of McCarthyism. Later, when California sought to extract a signature of loyalty from all the churches in the state, this church under its courageous leader, Dr. Stephen H. Fritchman, fought right up to the Supreme Court. Three years and $60,000 later, the First Unitarian Church won freedom of speech for itself and all the churches of the United States. Money came from friends all over this land.

The church sustained major damage during the recent earthquake. As long as its doors, which have always been open for all liberal causes, remain closed, it will be that much more difficult to find an open forum at a time when repression is again on the increase.

If you are moved to have the doors reopened, send your offering made out to First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles, 2936 W. 8 St., Los Angeles, Calif., 90005.

Martin Hall, President, Board of Trustees

schlock therapy

Barnesville, Md.

DEAR SIRS: ZAP! Robert Claiborne [*The Nation*, Jan. 25] really schlocks it to us in a style even fuller of deplorable phrases than that of his victim Alvin Toffler, author of *Future Shock*. What's his hang-up? Did Toffler scoop him with the book? Or does Mr. Claiborne suffer from a touch of intellectual elitism? There's a message for him in *Future Shock*: the future he approves (no SST, no model changes, no disposables) is merely the nostalgic dream of one minority subcult. *S. M. Menke*

EDITORIALS

A Different War

In a sense it is, as Eugene McCarthy told a Boston audience last week, "a different war." Different because it is more dangerous, less easy to defend or justify, and because our perspectives about it have changed. Different, too, from a legal and constitutional point of view, for the invasion of Laos follows in the wake of adoption of the Cooper-Church amendment and repeal of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. "I have been unable to discover a single instance in our history," Rep. Paul N. McCloskey (R., Calif.) told the House on February 18, "where an American President ordered offensive operations in a foreign country immediately after Congress has specifically repealed a prior resolution authorizing him to wage war in that country." But in another sense, it is still the same cruel and senseless war, extended in area and with a more intensive application of American air power.

The public knows more about the war today than it knew when President Johnson left office, but it has permitted itself to be caught up in the mystifications and double talk of the Administration. Neither the media nor the politicians have been particularly helpful in telling the public what it needs to know. True, it has become increasingly difficult for the media to find out what is happening on the ground and in the air in Laos. But at a different level—the level of analysis and interpretation—the media have often been less than candid. Like the politicians, they have been inclined to give the President the benefit of the doubt. Too often reporters have been willing to pass along the firm and radiant optimism of Laird, Kissinger (see article p. 296) and the President, without serious critical analysis. (For an example see "The New Optimism," *Newsweek*, March 1.) In part, too, this willingness to deal gently with the Administration's "game plan" stems from fear that it just *might* succeed. Neither the mass media nor the President's critics have wanted to venture too far out on the limb of speculation and conjecture; they have preferred to wait for failure rather than predict it.

This attitude is totally out of phase with the urgency of the situation that now confronts us. We are not playing guessing games. This war has been with us for a long time. We have heard these "optimistic" reports before. It is no longer a question, if it ever was, of whether a particular operation might succeed in purely military terms. "The basic flaw in our Southeast Asia war policy," as Kingman Brewster, president of Yale University, sees it, "is moral." Our moral position becomes only the more untenable as we maneuver to get others to assume the painful burdens of a war for which we are essentially responsible. "The reduction of casualties, even the withdrawal of all American troops," as Brewster points out, "does not mitigate the moral responsibility for the spread of the war; for the indiscriminate bombing of neutrals; for the scorching of forests and villages; for the massacre of innocents." All the current domestic sparring over semantics, definitions, whether Operation X failed or succeeded, and legalisms (just what constitutes a violation of Cooper-Church) is

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beside the point. It is, Brewster adds, "as though America had no concern for the sanctity of human life, as such; as though, somehow, Americans cared only about American lives."

Even at this late hour the Administration continues to make sport with the facts and the truth. The phrase "combat troops" has been dropped in favor of "ground troops," who are, we are told, forbidden to enter Laos. But we have both a command role and a ground combat role in Laos. A large "secret" army, directed by the CIA, operates out of the base at Long Cheng. The South Vietnamese drive into Laos is totally dependent on American air and helicopter support. Such massive use of air power is not "supportive"; it is primary, and ground troops play the supportive role. Even so, the drive is stalled short of its objective. Hence the President's suggestion that Hanoi is responsible for spreading the war is on a par with the optimism he has voiced about the action itself. It is on a par, too, with the advice of U.S. commanders that the North Vietnamese would not resist the invasion. (See James Weighart's dispatch, New York *Daily News,* February 26.)

We are told that this massive operation is merely designed to insure the safe withdrawal of U.S. troops from Vietnam. Yet according to Jerry Greene, the knowledgeable military editor of the New York *Daily News,* U.S. military commanders in Vietnam are now convinced that the timetable for withdrawal should be accelerated. It is their view that we should take whatever risks are involved in an early withdrawal, since the presence of large U.S. forces hinders the development of whatever military capability the South Vietnamese possess. It would seem, therefore, that the removal of all U.S. forces is being—and will probably continue to be—held up for reasons not directly related to their safe withdrawal. But again, our concern at the moment should not be with considerations of this order. What should appall us is the deepening American moral involvement in a war that becomes steadily more indefensible. Our heritage demands, to quote Kingman Brewster again, that "none of us by his silence contribute to the moral erosion of our nation," an erosion that continues as the war drags on.

Lindsay and 1972

The surge of comment in the last two weeks over whether Mayor John V. Lindsay will "switch or fight"—and when—reflects the rapidly mounting demand for new national leadership. On the narrow question of whether it is in his political self-interest to change registration, the Mayor is being inundated with advice, which is proverbially cheap. But the speculation about his future raises an issue that needs clarification.

The conventional argument for the two-party system has been that it compels each party to accommodate divergent elements and come to a consensus on issues and candidates. The effect, as Senator Javits—a shrewd and knowledgeable pragmatist in politics—is forever insisting is to make it impossible for "extremists of the Right or the Left" to gain control of either party. (See "Politics of Dead Center: The Artificial Majority" by Theodore J. Lowi, *The Nation,* December 7, 1970.) In

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brief, the dynamics of the system create a drive within each party toward a centrist or unifying position and a subsequent competition between the two parties to dominate that position.

The argument is sound if it be assumed, as historically it has been, that the prime purpose of the two-party system is to insure political stability, but the argument becomes irrelevant in a period in which the paramount national interest is to force one of the parties to become an instrument of social change. Without significant social change, without fundamental institutional change—and soon—the hope of achieving a new stability will vanish.

Given the divisions within the country, it would be fanciful to assume that both major parties will now become apostles of radical reform. Of the two, the Democratic Party is obviously the more likely to become dedicated to radical enterprise; its history, composition and evolving structure support this conclusion. If the forces seeking social change cannot capture control of the Democratic Party, then a fourth party or movement may be unavoidable. But at present the Democratic Party cannot be dismissed as incapable of adjusting to the needs and pressures of the times.

Regardless of what effect a change of registration might have on Mayor Lindsay's own future, it would enable him to mobilize and bring to the Democratic Party forces it will badly need—which, in fact, it must have, if it is to become a party dedicated to the required social reorganization. No doubt, the Democrats would offer the Mayor a warm welcome if he came calling, but he cannot expect them to seek him out. What he must do—and it is just what the Democrats need—is to bring to the party the various constituencies that admire and respect him.

Essentially, these are "city constituencies"—Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans and other minorities, the urban poor, all those elements and interests preoccupied with urban problems (a sizable, broadly based and influential constituency in itself), young voters, intellectuals, liberal Republicans, upper-middle-class elements (urban and suburban), and women, rural, urban and suburban. The Mayor makes a strong appeal, also, to the kinds of voters who have responded to John Gardner's Common Cause crusade. To be sure, certain possible Democratic nominees have some appeal to many or most of these elements, but what the Democratic Party needs is a massive influx of the constituencies with whom Lindsay is especially identified. And a final point: Lindsay is an excellent campaigner.

Against this background, what does Lindsay stand to gain by remaining loyal to the Republican Party, which has not been notably loyal to him? He finds himself in fundamental opposition to the existing party leadership on a wide variety of issues. He is just as clearly in agreement with the most active and influential elements in the Democratic Party, even perhaps with a majority of the party. If it were offered, would he want to be Nixon's running mate in 1972? Is there any convincing evidence that the Republican Party may be more open to new influences in 1976? Perhaps; but 1972 will be more, much more, than just another Presidential election.

It would be impossible, even now, to overestimate the importance which it already assumes. Nixon's recent gyrations aside, the Republican Party is firmly controlled by conservative elements. California is a key state and there Governor Reagan controls the state committee and most of the county chairmanships. Consider, for example, the political isolation of Rep. Paul N. (Pete) McCloskey, one of the few liberal Republicans who have not been edged out. McCloskey would be a strong candidate for any statewide office to which he could win the Republican nomination, but he cannot win any nomination outside the Congressional district he represents so ably. Like Lindsay, he strongly opposes Nixon's war policies. His speech in the House on February 18 was one of the most persuasive and eloquent attacks launched against those policies in the new Congress. If Lindsay entered the California primary, McCloskey would almost certainly support him. Liberal Republicans may not constitute more, say, than 20 or 30 per cent of the Republican total in California today, but for the most part they are active, influential and well-to-do, and they like Nixon no better than they like Reagan. Even in a Democratic primary, there are many ways they could support a Lindsay candidacy.

Politicians of the quality of Lindsay and McCloskey are in critically short supply on the national scene. One way or another, means must be found by which they can help initiate and lead the "common cause" of 1972—an end to the war, a drastic reordering of national priorities, a redirected foreign policy, and basic institutional reform at all levels. What must happen is that the "outs"—regardless of why they occupy that position, whether from boredom, apathy, disaffection or exclusion—should find a political mechanism that offers hope for the realization of their objectives. Levels of consciousness may multiply, counter cultures may flourish or fade, confrontations may burgeon, but the imperative need is to fashion a political force committed to social change and controlled by the forces seeking it.

New Jersey of the Northwest

Vancouver

While governmental debate over the Trans-Alaskan Pipeline System (TAPS) continues in Washington, D.C., in the state of Washington at least one oil company is proceeding as if the 48-inch pipeline were a certainty. Almost unnoticed during the controversy are the beginnings of what could turn out to be the largest oil refining complex on the West Coast, built especially to handle Alaskan crude oil shipped by supertanker from the southern terminus of the big pipe. This construction is taking place in Whatcom County, Wash., a county without zoning laws in the northwest part of the state bordering British Columbia.

Mobil Oil has had a small oil refinery operating north of Bellingham for a number of years, but only since 1967 have the big corporations begun to eye this traditionally agricultural county. In 1967-68 the Glacier Park Company, a holding outfit for the Burlington Northern Railroad, Atlantic Richfield (ARCO), Standard Oil and the Puget Sound Power and Light Company, began picking up parcels of land in the Cherry Point area. These purchases were almost simultaneous with the announcement of the mammoth North Slope oil discovery.

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Atlantic Richfield, which bought some of its land from the Glacier Park Company, is the first to start refinery construction. By the end of the summer it will have completed its $150-million refinery, with a daily capacity of 100,000 barrels. Company officials openly admit that the purpose of the refinery is to handle Alaskan oil, which could run to 2 million barrels a day by 1975. Atlantic Richfield plans to construct a deep-sea terminal to handle the supertankers which have more and more frequently become involved in accidents such as the recent one that turned San Francisco Bay black.

The company has also applied for a permit to dump 3.7 million gallons of waste effluent per day from its refining operations into the Georgia Strait, an especially rich aquatic ecosystem. Included in this waste are sulfide, mercaptans, chromium, sulfate and zinc. The petition, which is being ruled upon by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, could, if granted, have a drastic affect on the shellfish being grown in the sound by the Lummi Indian tribe.

Construction workers at the ARCO site believe that as soon as this project is completed they will immediately begin building a refinery for Standard Oil. In addition to these two projects, it is believed that Mobil plans to expand its operation with the first shipments of oil from the north. The Puget Sound Power and Light Company, a private utility, has been talking up the possibility of installing a nuclear-powered reactor on its land holdings adjacent to those of Standard Oil, to meet the electrical needs of the refineries.

A Bellingham physician owns some 300 acres of land in this complex and has petitioned the Corps for a renewal of his permit to build a 2,000-foot pier, "in connection with planned commercial and industrial development of the adjacent uplands." It is understood in Bellingham that the physician has been dickering with oil companies for sale of his land, with the pier permit approved. What plans the Glacier Park Company has for its remaining land in the complex isn't known, but environmentalists in the area can only fear the worst in the face of a county government impotent against the industrial giants.

But what can be speculated upon most realistically is the immense threat that would be presented by large, awkward tankers in the area. Oil ships coming down the coast from Alaska would have to travel around the dangerous shoreline of Vancouver Island, with its multitude of small islands spreading out along the Georgia Strait. Oil spills could play havoc with the shoreline of the Olympic Peninsula, Puget Sound and a large Indian reservation.

Washington passed a no-limit liability law last year for tanker accidents off the state's coastline, but the legislative measure would have no effect if the oil ended up along the Canadian coast. Canadian officials became incensed when ARCO's construction projection became known, and Canadian reactions at learning the scope of the complex will rapidly fan a developing nationalism.

Oil spills take place with almost mathematical predictability; it is a certainty that one would take place here sooner or later, as the fleet of tankers moved in an endless procession up and down the coast, feeding the hungry complex of refineries. However, a strong response will be needed from Washington, Ottawa, or both, to stop a development of Whatcom County that threatens to turn this beautiful area into what one conservationist, an *émigré* from the East, referred to as "The New Jersey of the Northwest."

HARMON HENKIN

Texas in Singapore

A story by Henry S. Hayward in *The Christian Science Monitor* (February 18) provides an interesting footnote to Barry Weisberg's article in this issue (p. 294). According to Mr. Hayward between 6,000 and 7,000 Americans now reside in Singapore—two or three times the number there two years ago. "The reason for the influx is offshore oil—700,000 square miles of oil concessions off the coasts of Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore and Indonesia. Where once the British ruled supreme, the new Yankees have invaded Raffles land. Some idea of the magnitude of the Southeast Asia oil boom is the estimate of a conservative American banker that $35 billion will be spent on oil alone in this area in the next ten to fifteen years. Seldom self-effacing by nature, the United States oil men tend to be quite visible here. You see them at the luxury hotels, driving up in their new air-conditioned Chevrolet Impalas, which almost pass for Cadillacs out here. The glass doors of the lobby separate and in they come with that rolling John Wayne walk, their leather boots and silver buckles glistening. They're big men, exuding confidence. 'At the new Petroleum Club at the Hotel Goodwood,' says one with pride, 'you'd almost think you were in Texas.' "

Lose One, Win One

Readers will recall two recent stories written for *The Nation* by Nicholas C. Chriss, Houston bureau chief of the *Los Angeles Times*. One of these (November 16) concerned the violence attendant upon a civil rights boycott in the remote town of Homer, La., and the group of young Negroes arraigned there on a variety of charges. The other (December 28) reported the plight of Raymond Dean Holloway, a young black college student of Birmingham, Ala., who was about to be tried on a charge of raping a white woman. A recent letter from Mr. Chriss brings these matters up to date:

Two of the young blacks in Homer were convicted of criminal damage to property, a charge, says Chriss, that in Louisiana usually brings a sentence of two, three, at the most four years. In this instance, one of the men got twelve years; the other, his brother, was sentenced to eight. A white man who shot a Negro youth in the back received six months.

However, in the Birmingham case, the jury was hung—nine for acquittal of Holloway, three to convict. The evidence in his defense was strong but, as Chriss mentioned at the time, local lawyers could think of few occasions when a black man had been acquitted in Birmingham of the charge of raping a white woman. A hung jury, under the circumstances, is probably the nearest thing to acquittal that Holloway's friends could hope for; given the balance of the vote, the prosecution is unlikely to try him again.

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SOUTHEAST ASIA

OFFSHORE OIL BOOM

BARRY WEISBERG
Mr. Weisberg, co-director of the Bay Area Institute, San Francisco, has written widely on the political economy of petroleum, and is the editor of Ecocide in Indochina *(Canfield Press, a department of Harper & Row).*

San Francisco

On December 1, the Thieu-Ky government issued Public Law No. 011/70 regarding the "Exploration and Exploitation of Petroleum and related taxation, fees and exchange regulations." This law gives the official go-ahead for negotiating offshore leasing arrangements between South Vietnam and twenty-one contending petroleum companies, mostly American. Extensive American petroleum exploration in Indochina and South Vietnam has been conducted for more than two years under the auspices of the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (ECAFE).

The eighteen offshore South Vietnamese concessions are in the Gulf of Thailand and the southeast offshore region adjacent to the penal colony of Con Son. Saigon will offer the concessions on a "best offer basis," allowing great flexibility on the part of the contending petroleum companies. The specified tax rate of 55 per cent can be lowered by official decree to 45 per cent or raised to a maximum 65 per cent, but not retroactively.

In addition to the offshore area, prospecting has also occurred in the rich Mekong River Delta and on the alluvial plains of Thailand. Potential petroleum deposits have been detected along a continental shelf that connects Japan, Indochina, Indonesia and Australia. With more than 1 million square miles of Southeast jungles and shallow seas, this continental shelf is the largest in the world. Also, it appears to hold the largest deposit of petroleum. A report by *World Oil* of August 15 predicts "a daily average crude production of 400 million barrels by 1975 from this area." That would be 146 billion barrels a year, or nearly three-quarters of the entire production of petroleum in the world to date!

America has a long-standing interest in the natural resources of Southeast Asia. In 1965, Henry Cabot Lodge, then U.S. Ambassador to South Vietnam, stated: "He who holds or has the influence in Vietnam can effect the future of the Philippines and Formosa to the East, Thailand and Burma with their huge rice supplies to the west, and Malaysia and Indonesia with their rubber, oil, tin to the south."

The rise of American economic investment in all of Indochina was made explicit on November 11, 1969 in a statement by the U.S. Ambassador to Thailand before a Congressional hearing: "There is one very large development that may take place. Nobody knows at this point whether it will prove out or not. That is the oil exploration going on in the Gulf of Thailand. . . . Now if that develops, it of course will be a very major additional investment in the country." Since the coup of Gen. Lon Nol and the U.S. invasion of Cambodia, Khmer-Thai economic negotiations have increased substantially. They center on a common plan for petroleum exploration.

It appears that recent military escalations in Cambodia and Laos coincided with the actual determination of petroleum deposits in Indochina. A story sent out by the wire service Agence France-Presse on February 7, 1971 states: "The very recent discovery of important oil deposits in Thailand and South Vietnam explains in great part, according to reliable sources in Moscow, the resurgence of military activities in Indochina, particularly the recent events in Laos. . . . One cannot know precisely when the existence of the deposits became known to the Americans, but according to the same sources, one cannot discard the possibility that decisive information on this subject was obtained before the unrolling of events in Cambodia, last spring." Jacques Decornoy, Southeast Asian editor for *Le Monde,* wondered on January 8, "Have the oil companies perhaps received some solid assurances from Washington concerning the willingness of the United States to 'hold' Indochina, and South Vietnam in particular?"

American petroleum investment in Southeast Asia is already extensive. Standard Oil and Shell have been investing in the region for more than fifty years. At present, offshore oil concessions dot a map of Southeast Asian waters, and by the end of 1971 Indonesian petroleum production is expected to reach 1 million barrels a day, with American interests dominating 80 per cent of production. U.S. investment in Indonesian oil has sprinted from $100 million in 1969 to $130 million in 1970 and is expected to climb to $160 million in 1971. Pertamina (the national Indonesian petroleum company) has negotiated more than twenty-eight production and exploration contracts with foreign companies, seventeen of which are American.

More than $100 billion worth of military spending has been poured into South Vietnam in the last twenty years, with another $4 billion going to Saigon in non-military aid. The extensive network of highways, harbors, railroads, airports and communications provides an ample foundation for an oil rush to Southeast Asia. David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank estimated last May that American oil firms would spend $35 billion on petroleum in the western Pacific over the next dozen years.

To date there have been five major petroleum finds on the shelf, one by Royal Dutch Shell and four by American companies; Atlantic Richfield (which pioneered the Alaskan North Slope discovery), Cities Service and the Union Oil Company and Natomas of California. Aside from Indonesian waters, there has been a rush to the Gulf of Thailand and Malaysia with continued attention to the coastal waters of South Vietnam.

The Wall Street Journal of September 22, 1970 reported rumors that Standard Oil of New Jersey (Esso) had discovered oil in its 28,000-square-mile concession

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off the coast of Malaysia, directly adjacent to the South Vietnamese blocks. Esso has made no announcement, realizing that news of the find would greatly boost the South Vietnamese bidding. However, it opened a greatly enlarged petroleum refinery in Singapore on February 19. A U.S. Embassy official in Singapore, base for the burgeoning petroleum operations of Southeast Asia, suggested: "We've had all the feelings of an oil boom here in Singapore already. But with the recent chaos in the Middle East the oil moguls must be frantic now to get more firmly into Southeast Asia."

One cannot grasp the importance of the current oil rush to Southeast Asia without reference to the larger international petroleum picture and the Middle East. The predictions are that within the next ten years the industrial world will consume as much petroleum as was produced in the entire previous history of oil. In the past decade Western Europe has tripled its consumption. France annually increases consumption by 17 per cent and Japan by 13 per cent, while the United States averages about 6 per cent. However, although the United States both produces and consumes more petroleum than any other nation, it is comparatively self-sufficient. The annual production here is now three times that of any Mideast nation. Imports account for 20 per cent of our consumption, but they are largely Canadian and then from Venezuela, with only 3 per cent of the supply coming from the Mideast. By contrast, the six Common Market nations import 63 per cent and Japan 90 per cent—mostly from the Middle East and Africa.

With the closing of the Suez Canal, oil-consuming nations have been paying an additional $1 billion annually for increased tanker costs. In this context, one understands the importance of the recent controversy in Tehran between the ten-member Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) and the American petroleum companies. As Walter J. Levy suggested in December at the OPEC meeting in Caracas of the new tax and price demands, "It is most foreboding in terms of Western economic and strategic interests. There is the definite potential that producing nations will take unilateral control over the pricing and taxation of all foreign production. If so, the consuming nations are in for a crude awakening." The recent settlement by the six Persian Gulf states, and the settlements with Libya, Algeria, Venezuela and Indonesia yet to be negotiated, may well cost petroleum companies an additional $5 billion a year.

While the United States is not dependent upon Mideast supplies, American companies control 59 per cent of the oil in the Mideast, which is sold to the oil-hungry nations of Western Europe and to Japan. The American balance of power in the Pacific depends in part upon Japanese reliance on American petroleum supplies. The Japanese have declared their intention that by 1985 at least 30 per cent of oil imports should be brought in by Japanese-owned resources, but American companies own substantial interest in Japanese firms. Recently, negotiations for oil and gas have increased between the Soviet Union and Japan. The Soviet oil and gas discoveries in the Siberian Arctic, convenient to Japan, are no doubt

an important spur to American exploration and development in Southeast Asia. Soviet supplies will more than likely dwarf Alaskan finds and, given current North Slope delays, might easily compete for the Japanese petroleum market.

Ecologically, Southeast Asian crude is important because of its extremely low sulfur content—less than two-thirds of 1 per cent. The Administration is contemplating a tax on the sulfur content of fuel, and there is thus reason for the industry to call low-sulfur fuels "sweet."

These events will no doubt shape the destiny of the entire Pacific Basin. Petroleum today represents 70 per cent of all U.S. investments in Third World nations. This explains a statement by *The Washington Post* on October 4, 1969: "What happens in the board rooms of Standard Oil or Gulf may be of more interest and more permanent consequence to a country . . . than what happens on the seventh floor of the State Department."

Recently, anti-war groups in the United States have voiced concern in this area, though the American media have been silent. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has been receiving several hundred letters a day from citizens who have asked that hearings be held on the relationship between petroleum and the continued American presence in Indochina. Such hearings might ask: Does petroleum wag the tail of the U.S. military in Indochina? Is petroleum the reason we continue to support the highly unpopular Thieu-Ky regime? Does it explain the invasion of Cambodia and Laos? Are people dying in Indochina for noble ideas or the crude profits of oil? □

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KISSINGER ROAD SHOW

AN EVENING WITH HENRY

DEREK SHEARER
Mr. Shearer, co-editor of The Pentagon Watchers *(Doubleday), is a member of the conversion action study group of the Cambridge Institute.*

The Nation did not know in advance of the meeting here described by Derek Shearer, nor did it ask that he submit his article to us. One previous article by Mr. Shearer has appeared in *The Nation,* but he is not a staff contributor or in any other way connected with the magazine.—*The Editors*

On the weekend of January 29 to 31, while the United States bombarded southern Laos in preparation for an offensive by South Vietnamese troops, and the astronauts blasted off for the moon, I attended a conference at which Presidential adviser Henry Kissinger spent two hours talking and answering questions on American foreign policy. The meeting, as are all at which Kissinger appears, was officially off the record. Kissinger reminded us that if his remarks were reported it would make it difficult for him to meet with other groups in the future. Some group might then be denied the experience we enjoyed of hearing Henry Kissinger explain, "We are trying to end the war. . . . The trend line is down and I assure you it will continue to go down" on the eve of a new invasion, blacked out, of course, by a press embargo.

In Nixon's domestic war strategy, Kissinger's role is that of pacifying the intellectuals. For the past few months, he has been crisscrossing the country, meeting with editors and publishers, businessmen, alumni groups and, on rare occasions, with students, and giving his performance—an ostensibly sincere and certainly suave testimony on the difficulties of withdrawing from Vietnam without reverting to the neo-isolationism which, in Kissinger's view, is what radical-liberal critics of the Nixon Administration have done. To acquiesce in the charade that gentlemen can discuss the finer points of foreign policy in private, while the United States daily pounds the people of Indochina with bombs, seems to me to make one complicit with the policy, no matter how many "tough" questions one might ask Kissinger at such sessions. If Kissinger felt he could no longer conduct his road show with impunity, it would hurt the Nixon Administration more than it would those who might be deprived of Kissinger's supposedly candid insider explanations of the war.

Moreover, policy makers, especially those who are appointed and given as much power as Kissinger enjoys, should be responsible to the public for the policies which they help shape.

The gathering that Kissinger addressed on Friday evening, January 29, was sponsored by an *ad hoc* organization called Project Runnymede. The idea for the project goes back to last spring, when American troops invaded Cambodia and moderate MIT students demonstrated in front of a number of defense firms on Boston's Route 128. The students approached Franklin Lindsay, president of Itek, a firm that specializes in making optical reconnaissance devices for the military. Lindsay and the students decided to convene a meeting of responsible students, academics and businessmen to discuss the foreign policy crisis and what might be done about it. The students invited other moderate students from around the country: members of the Ripon Society, former Congressional interns, et al. Also Jerome Wiesner, provost of MIT; Jeremy J. Stone, executive director of the American Federation of Scientists; Matthew Meselson of Harvard; Howard Johnson, president of MIT, and other academics. Lindsay arranged for the businessmen—Cyrus Vance, former Deputy Secretary of Defense; William Eberle, president of American Standard and co-chairman of Common Cause; Robert Manning, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* Osborn Elliott, editor of *Newsweek,* and Arthur Taylor, vice president of the International Paper Co. I was invited at the last minute, along with a few others associated with the Institute for Policy Studies, because the student organizers had just seen a copy of our study, *The Pentagon Watchers,* which deals with national security policy.

The name Project Runnymede is something of a mystery. My wife suggested that the students, academics and businessmen invited to the conference could be the nobles and Richard Nixon the king. Presumably the purpose of the conference was for us to arrange a new social contract with King Richard.

The setting for Runnymede was a large country estate 3 or 4 miles outside Boston. A shoe magnate named Endicott had donated the place to MIT, which now uses Endicott House, as it is called, for conferences and seminars. The main building, of fifty rooms, seems to have been kept much as it was when the former owner used it as a weekend retreat. It looks like a medieval castle. In one central room, Endicott's shotguns and rifles are exhibited in glass-paneled cabinets; in a nearby cabinet are his fishing reels and other sporting equipment. Stuffed heads of wild animals that Endicott had killed—bears, elk, lions and so on—glare from all four walls, and on one far wall is a life-size portrait of the man himself, dressed for hunting. In the other large room, where Kissinger would speak, medieval tapestries hang from the walls; they also hang in the hallway near the stairs. In one corner of the gun and stuffed-head room, somewhat incongruously, is a computer printout terminal, used by MIT personnel. Upstairs are two floors of guest suites, where those invited to the conference slept.

Kissinger was not the first speaker of the evening. After dinner, Albert Gore, the former Senator from Tennessee, opened the proceedings. Kissinger, who had hesitated about coming to the conference at all, stipulated that he would not appear with Gore and that there must be a period of separation between their talks. So Gore spoke for half an hour, mostly recounting the battles that he had fought during his years in the Senate against American involvement in Southeast Asia and his recent

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opposition to the ABM. His talk was rambling and a trifle self-serving, though excusable in one of the last Populists who found himself defeated in the fall elections by a millionaire candy manufacturer who purchased tremendous amounts of air time and used TV spots effectively to attack Gore's liberal position on defense matters. Sparks flew only when Gore suggested that Lyndon Johnson had led the country astray deliberately with the Tonkin Resolution. Cyrus Vance stood up and in his best lawyer manner offered to correct the record on the matter, asserting that at the time Secretary McNamara and President Johnson were acting on the best information available.

The group adjourned for coffee after this gentlemanly exchange. Kissinger arrived with his crew-cut secret service man as coffee was being served in the gun room. After a flurry of Hello Henrys from the older nobles, many of whom knew Kissinger from Washington or Cambridge, we moved back to the discussion room.

One of the MIT student organizers introduced Kissinger briefly and reminded us of the ground rules on attribution. Kissinger stood before the fifty of us, seated on chairs and couches. In a navy blue three-piece suit with white shirt and dark tie, he looked very much like a professor about to address his graduate students. As he spoke, he kept his left hand in his pocket, gestured with his right hand, and walked slowly back and forth along the carpet.

He began with a smile and a small disclaimer. Usually, he said, men who come from the White House tell those outside the decision-making process that if they only knew what those inside knew, they would understand the decisions taken—but he was not going to say that to us. He knew, he continued, that many of us in the room did not like the Nixon Administration, and he wanted us to know, he said with a confidential air, "that the President was not my first choice." He paused to let the point sink in.

Kissinger, of course, did not tell the group that Rockefeller had been his first choice, since he'd been on the Rockefeller payroll for many years, drafting the Rockefeller brothers' defense report, and that he had barely met Nixon before he was elected. Once they had met, and Nixon had offered him a job, he found that he liked the President a great deal and that they saw eye to eye on foreign policy.

He continued, after his brief silence, by observing that it was ironic that the intellectuals who had at one time participated in foreign policy making were now becoming isolationists, and that support for a rational world order was being left to the Republicans, who, said Kissinger, in another day had been the isolationists. The inference was clear that Kissinger, the intellectual, found himself in unpleasant company down in Washington, but that for the sake of world order he would put up with the situation and try to keep foreign policy matters in hand.

He went on to describe the "crisis atmosphere" that prevails in the White House and how little time those in power have for reflective thinking, for taking the long view. He spoke somewhat plaintively of the agonies of decision making and the burdens of power. "There are no good choices left in Vietnam," he said. We had to do what would cause the minimum amount of dislocation in the world order.

What's more, he explained, if Mr. Nixon had, upon taking office, withdrawn immediately from Vietnam, the domestic response from the right wing might have been overwhelming. "If we had done in our first year what our loudest critics called on us to do," explained Kissinger, "the 13 per cent that voted for Wallace would have grown to 35 or 40 per cent; the first thing the President set out to do was to neutralize that faction." He advanced the theory that by rejecting such action, the Administration had saved many liberals from becoming the victims of Wallace-ite and hard-hat backlash. "This Administration has been the best protection of those who most loudly deplore our policy."

With Kissinger's formal talk over, the floor was opened for questions. One could not help but admire the performance. He had sounded so sincere, so sympathetic, so much one of us. (Franklin Lindsay of Itek said later, "Henry would never lie to us.") He let us know that he had doubts, that he was troubled, yet confident that the Administration had chosen the only sensible path for the country—and as he spoke, he knew that preparations were being made for the move into southern Laos, a subject which he never mentioned. How could one doubt the learned professor?

The first question by a student was a general one about policy on Vietnam and the dangers of escalation. Kissinger used the opportunity to assure us that the Administration would not use nuclear weapons in Southeast Asia "under

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any circumstances that I can foresee." He made a disparaging remark about absurd scenarios that might be found in the lower offices of the Pentagon, but the real decision makers would never use those terrible weapons. Perhaps Henry had changed his mind from the days when he wrote so enthusiastically about tactical nuclear weapons; in any case, who could doubt his word? Henry wouldn't lie to us—or perhaps there are circumstances that he can't foresee.

Then I asked him under what circumstances he would resign and publicly oppose President Nixon. He hedged for a minute, then admitted that he would resign when the "whole trend of the policy became morally reprehensible to me"—but, even if he did resign, he would not attack the President publicly because of his special position so close to him, "unless gas chambers were set up or some horrendous moral outrage." Again Kissinger sounded reasonable—a man had to draw the line and when the time came, take a stand. But what if there is no need to build ovens; what if, as many "isolationists" think, the ovens are the infernos created by the napalm and the bombs from the B-52s?

The next question came from Mark Gerzon, a former Harvard student, now a graduate student at the University of Chicago, who had written a book called *The Whole World Is Watching: A Young Man Looks at Youth's Dissent*. Gerzon prefaced his question with a lengthy autobiographical statement. He had, he said, in years past met with Secretary McNamara and later with Secretary Rusk, and he had been troubled about what to ask them, and at first he had asked questions of policy, and later he had asked how they felt about draft resisters. It seemed to him that as the war went on, his questions for policy makers became more personal. He wanted, therefore, to know what growing up had been like for Kissinger. "How did you view the world?" Gerzon asked Kissinger. "How has your perception of the world and your values changed since?"

Kissinger looked pensively at the group and said nothing for a moment when Gerzon had finished. He said he could not answer such a question in front of so many people. "You would not respect me if I tried." Kissinger suggested that perhaps he and Gerzon, if they knew each other better, could get together and have a close talk.

A black student, the president of the student body at Jackson State, asked Kissinger a vague question about priorities, and another student asked him about the effect of the war on youth. To both questions, Kissinger suggested that even if the war ended tomorrow, he did not think that youth's dissatisfaction would end. In his professorial voice, he elaborated on the nature of the bureaucratic state and its unresponsiveness. Once, he even used the words "bourgeois society"; but the failures that troubled him were always abstract and general. No, he did not think that the President could, or should, be the source of moral leadership; that had to come from somewhere else. Kissinger would not be pinned down with a specific criticism of the war and its effect on American society—he saw no chance that those right wingers might hate the war and the inflation and their sons coming home in boxes; yes, he knew how youth felt, but there were other considerations: a stable world order, faith in American commitments, etc.

Off the subject of the war, a young physics professor from MIT asked Kissinger why no progress had been made at the SALT talks. Kissinger launched into a discussion of deterrence strategy and the complications of arms talks. "It takes time," he explained, because the Russian negotiators don't really understand their own weapons and we had to give them our technical papers to study so they could understand the issues. And there is the problem of offensive capability upsetting defensive capability and vice versa. Most of the audience looked bewildered as Henry ran on in the jargon of nuclear strategy, joined by Jerome Wiesner, President Kennedy's science adviser. Wiesner and Kissinger conducted a two-man act: "But Henry, as you remember. . . . Yes, as Jerry can tell us. . . ."

In the middle of these mini-SALT talks, Mark Gerzon said loudly, "Mailer and Solzhenitzyn would have solved the matter long ago." No one said anything for a moment, then Kissinger fixed Gerzon with a disapproving look and said, "I doubt it." Wiesner endorsed Henry's judgment: "I doubt it, too."

Victor Palmieri, a liberal businessman from California, stood up next to ask Kissinger how he could say the war was winding down, when the air war was going up in intensity, and what good was it to destroy Vietnam, when it could serve as a bulwark against Red China. Kissinger dealt with Palmieri's comments about China, saying that he did not find it wise to turn over South Vietnam to Hanoi merely to create a buffer state against China, but he didn't answer Palmieri's question about the widening of the air war.

Another man rose and pressed the issue; he was Daniel Ellsberg, a former Defense Department official who had served under McNamara, worked in the United States Embassy in Saigon, studied policy on Vietnam at RAND, and who is now at MIT's Center for International Studies. Since leaving RAND about a year ago, Ellsberg has been actively opposing the war, testifying at trials of draft resisters, writing articles and giving speeches at anti-war rallies. He noted that Kissinger had avoided part of what Palmieri had been saying. He suggested that a person's values showed by what he didn't say, and by his actions, no matter what his words. Ellsberg said he knew that Kissinger's staff had figures on estimated American casualties over the next year, but had the staff estimated Asian dead and wounded, including civilians, that would result from Vietnamization? Could Dr. Kissinger give us those figures?

Kissinger recognized Ellsberg and when he responded his voice sounded suddenly less certain; he hesitated, then called Ellsberg's question "cleverly worded." "I answer even if I don't answer," he said. Ellsberg interrupted to say that he had no intention of being clever, that this was a basic question—were such estimates made? Kissinger started to say that one had to consider the options. "I know the option game, Dr. Kissinger," said Ellsberg, "can't you just give us an answer or tell us that you don't have such estimates?" Kissinger again evaded the question; he said the question had racist overtones. Ellsberg pressed him again. For the first time the meeting took on the air of confrontation—then the student moderator stood up and abruptly ended the questioning, saying that Dr. Kissinger

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was tired and thanked him for coming. The audience, save a few of us, applauded. Drinks were being served in the gun room. A few students stayed to ask Kissinger a few more questions, crowding around him.

I went and got a beer and approached the secret service man who had come with Kissinger. "The building is surrounded by nuns," I said. He chuckled and replied, "All sex-starved and after Henry."

Everyone was polite over drinks. Kissinger chatted with friends for awhile, then departed with his bodyguard. Many of the students were impressed with what he'd had to say. "I think he's sincere," said a girl from Mt. Holyoke.

The nobles spent Saturday and Sunday communicating. I left on Saturday, reading in the morning paper about the embargo on the embargo on news from Laos. The mansion was too much for me, as Kissinger had been. One wanted to yell at him or douse him in blood. The only response that I thought might have some effect was to describe how Kissinger had behaved on the very night of another escalation of the war. The conference, I learned, finally agreed on a statement deploring "war by proxy" in Indochina, but rejected a statement calling for members of the conference to refuse support to Presidential candidates who did not agree to a specific date for the withdrawal of all American troops from Vietnam. The businessmen were opposed to such a statement; condemning the war was all right, as long as no commitment to end it was included.

Runnymede adjourned without a new social contract. Franklin Lindsay of Itek was angry at Ellsberg who had pressed the statement of nonsupport for candidates. Some claimed he ruined the conference by preventing a consensus to be reached. In my mind, the conference was ruined before it began; everyone's morals had been shattered by the bombs, pierced by the screams of the Vietnamese people a long time ago.

As for Kissinger, the Boston papers on Sunday ran a picture of him and his son catching a plane for the space center to watch the astronauts take off. He did not look overburdened by the agony of power. He looked content—he was having a good time. □

MIAMI: THE CUBAN FLAVOR

AL BURT
Mr. Burt is an editorial writer for the Miami Herald.

Miami

Miami, more renowned in the past for a brassy exterior than a loving heart, is undergoing a Cuban transplant that may change that image. The city has been Latinized, and there is loose on the streets and in the bistros the famous quality that prompted tourists visiting pre-Castro Cuba to marvel at what "good" people Cubans were.

Last spring, a Cuban exile robbed a secondhand clothing store, beat up a woman clerk (also Cuban), took $20, and fled into a Cuban neighborhood. He did not find the cover he expected. In minutes, the word spread and 300 angry Cubans gathered to help the pursuing police. When the man was dragged out of a vacant rooming house, the Cubans cheered and applauded. Then, emotionally carried away, they charged upon the robber. Police hustled him into their car, but some of the crowd beat on the roof and windows until it pulled away.

That incident tells much about the Spanish-language community (some 90 per cent Cuban) in the Miami area. It numbers an estimated 318,000 in a city population of 1.3 million and is expected to reach 428,000 within five years. The instincts of this group are winningly human, but its brakes could be improved. In the case of the clothing-store robber, he offended the Cuban sense of honor, not for stealing but by beating a woman. He had to be caught and punished and the Cubans were eager to help with both jobs. In all human affairs, the Cubans' multifaceted impact on Miami has ranged from the beautiful to something less.

They have given Miami a flavor it lacked. Their gift for living whether they are rich or poor, seems both more festive and more real than the native style. Theirs is a mixture of pleasure seeking, understanding for human frailty, pride, devotion to church and family that are being lost in the computer age. Practice may fall short of the ideals, but human weaknesses are shrugged off, when not enjoyed.

To the motorist on the street with a flat tire or with a stalled car, or in any number of other fixes that focus notice on the individual in distress, the Cuban can be a cheering sight. The chances are that he will be more sympathetic than the native, more willing to inconvenience himself for the sake of a stranger.

The Cubans have done well in most areas—business, education, politics—with the major exception of their efforts against Fidel Castro, the man who sent them into exile. While most everything else they have touched has prospered (their annual earning power is estimated at nearly $600 million), the anti-Castro movements have foundered.

In the peak days of 1964, there were more than 300 active and militant anti-Castro exile groups in Miami, but they have dwindled to a handful. Those that are left still picket, demonstrate and protest, but they also tend to bicker among themselves. With a few heroic exceptions, their efforts have sputtered out on the shores of Florida rather than in Cuba.

The Cubans cluster, perhaps because their orientation toward tradition is not understood in the larger community. They stress inherited custom and law and order. Police say that, except in traffic offenses, they are more law-abiding than the average Miamian. The exile community has been embarrassed, though, by increasing in-

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volvement of a few Cubans in narcotics traffic, particularly cocaine. After some forty Cubans had been arrested in Miami as part of a nationwide attack on drug smuggling, one federal narcotics officer announced that there was a Cuban Mafia. He described it as exceptionally violent.

Most Cubans will tell you that the one great political lesson of their lives was taught them by Castro. To them, it was a lesson of betrayal and it has left them highly suspicious of liberal thought and devoted to a kind of evangelical anti-communism. In a local election, some Cubans grumbled because one candidate had a travel agency that did business with Aeroflot, the Russian airline, and that another was unsuitable because a peace symbol hung on his office wall. The John Birch Society and similar conservative groups have recruited among Cubans with some success, limited, however, because most Cubans believe in a cradle-to-grave government care that enrages conservatives.

During the early days of the Cuban influx, when droves of uprooted professionals and technicians were trying to find outlets for their skills, a "clandestine" system of service developed. A wide variety of unlicensed or nonunion Cubans, from barbers to carpenters to doctors, quietly peddled their trades at bargain prices to fellow Cubans in need. Today, the signs of Cuban success are numerous. Rather than Miami's downtown core degenerating into a shell of empty stores and "for rent" signs, as has happened in other cities, Cubans have moved in. There and in nearby neighborhoods they have created Little Havana, not as boisterous and attractively sinful as pre-Castro Havana but with a touch of the same style.

A walk down the Tamiami Trail, or through parts of the southwest section of the city, has the smell and flavor of Cuba. Street conversations are in Spanish; the signs are in Spanish; the food, coffee and businesses are Cuban; the people read Spanish-language newspapers and listen to Spanish-language radio stations or watch Spanish-language television.

An estimated 6,000 Cuban businesses now operate in the area (current hard times may eliminate some), producing everything from hand-rolled cigars to shoes to boats and furniture. The Cuban labor force numbers more than 65,000 and is expected to reach 100,000 in less than five years. Some 35,000 Cuban children go to public schools. Cuban doctors (nearly 600 are now licensed in Florida) abound in the hospitals.

This vast bilingual pool has helped attract thirty regional Latin American offices to serve international corporations. Even so, some Cubans still complain that they have difficulty making the telephone operator at the fire station or police station understand them when they speak Spanish. The situation is being corrected.

One exception to the general rule of successful relocation, an exception to be found, perhaps, in any American community, today, is the behavior of Cuban youth. To the despair of their parents and grandparents, many are adopting North American ways. It becomes a generation gap of extraordinary width, for as older Cubans try to maintain traditions at home, many of the young spend their time outside the home trying to acquire new customs.

An outstanding example has been a young Cuban football player at the University of Florida, Carlos Alvarez (refugee vintage: 1960). A sophomore pass receiver, Alvarez was chosen on most of the all-American teams. He was an instant hero. But when he became a U.S. citizen, let his hair grow stylishly long, and criticized the war in Vietnam, some Cubans felt that Alvarez was abandoning his heritage.

It is odd that, though the United States is conducting one of the most unusual refugee operations in history—an airlift which has brought 230,000 Cubans to this country—many Americans are not even aware of it. Until 1962, regular commercial flights were available from Cuba. After they were curtailed, some refugees arrived by small boat and via legal transit through Spain and Mexico. But most of those now in Miami have come since 1965, when President Johnson inaugurated the airlift as a humanitarian gesture to unite families separated by the revolution. These have received U.S.-paid transportation, federally supervised food and health care, plus their own welfare system, and job settlement.

It works as follows. Twice each day, a U.S. plane takes off from Miami International Airport, flies to Cuba, and returns home with a load of refugees. In Miami, this is called the Freedom Airlift. The arrivals, as might be expected, are both tearful and joyous, and moving even to a non-Cuban spectator. The planes bring in some 800 new Cubans each week, or between 3,000 and 4,000 a month. Some 230,000 have been flown from Cuba since the flights began in December 1965.

The United States charters the planes for $800,000 a year, and welcomes the refugees to these shores with a welfare program that will cost U.S. taxpayers $112 million in 1971. It is a program unique in this era, when more than 20 million refugees are shuffling across various borders, searching for a place to survive. But, of course, what the Cubans have done with this U.S.-subsidized new start may also be unique.

Castro has challenged the propaganda aspect of the airlift by declaring that if the United States made a like offer to people in northeast Brazil, as one example, the same outpouring would result. Others have suggested that the offer might also empty Harlem. Nor does there seem much doubt that the Haitian refugees who try to flee to the Bahama Islands, and are refused permission by U.S. authorities there to continue on to the United States, would welcome such an opportunity. Jamaican migrant workers who cut sugar cane in Florida and must return home at the end of the season (some try to "escape" and stay) would be receptive. The examples could go on and on, for the immigration quota of 120,000 for the Western Hemisphere has a long waiting list.

In local politics, Cubans have yet to realize their potential, partially because many have not yet become citizens but also because exile politics and the yearning for home have diverted their attention. So far, their influence has been mostly vocal, but that is sometimes considerable, because Cubans are skilled, through their anti-Castro experiences, in the arts of propaganda. However, politicians already are looking ahead to the day when the exiles may be 20 per cent or more of the registered voters in the Miami area. That would give them a political edge

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over the black community, which is already 50,000 smaller.

Cuban views seldom mesh with those of the blacks, who have the same ambitions and feel much more frustrated. To Cubans, the blacks often seem suspiciously liberal. Rivalry between the two minorities is spurred by feelings among the blacks that the Cuban is a Johnny-come-lately who walked in (with white complexion, for the most part, and with better education) and skimmed the cream off whatever opportunity there was in Miami. Blacks have grumbled that Cubans were better received and that the federal umbrella of assistance extended to Cubans has been broader than that extended to them.

In some cases, this argument is more emotional than factual, but certainly the Cubans did benefit from a crash program of help and did find open arms in the community. For example, blacks do not have a job resettlement program enabling them to move to other parts of the country, as do the Cubans. The program was designed to spread the Cuban influx to the rest of the country. Federal officials cite a 70 per cent resettlement figure. Nevertheless, the Cuban population in the Miami area has increased 100,000 in the last three years as the airlift has brought in from 105,000 to 120,000. These figures indicate that many resettled Cubans become dissatisfied in colder climates and return to Miami.

An unemployed but employable Cuban male head of family can still get $100 a month welfare, but the U.S. citizen in similar circumstances gets nothing. A riot in the Miami black community during the 1968 Republican National Convention brought on a Presidentially appointed commission to study the causes. It found that black resentment toward Cuban welfare was one factor. Studies are now under way to determine exactly what welfare differences exist so that they may be corrected.

A recent county survey disclosed that the 1969 median income for blacks was $5,350; for Cubans, $6,550. By 1985, the Cuban income was projected to rise to $9,400; the blacks', $7,800. Other complicating factors are a housing shortage, questions about the security screening given arriving Cubans, and crowding in the schools.

Apparent inequities in welfare caught the eye last summer of William Clay, a young black Congressman from East St. Louis, and so angered him that, as a member of a House subcommittee on labor, he began a movement that almost ended not only the airlift but the Cuban Refugee Program as well. Representative Clay contended there should be one welfare system for all. In a letter dated May 20 he asked President Nixon "to take immediate action to terminate the Cuban airlift operation and make a public announcement of our future posture toward Cuba and its citizens."

This did not go over well at the White House, where the prevailing attitude has been a desire to ignore Cuba (Vice President Agnew has called U.S. policy one of "benign neglect"). Exiles, once enthusiastic about candidate Nixon, have been openly disappointed about his failure as President to move against Cuba. Not wishing to estrange them still further, Nixon preserved the airlift.

But though Clay made no headway with the Administration, he continued the argument. "No longer can this policy be couched or obscured in 'refugee' terminology," he said. "The real refugees of Cuba left in the early 1960s when they had to flee for sanctuary. They were the ones who opposed Castro politically and who faced oppression and mistreatment at the hands of the Castro regime. . . . Though the United States does not recognize Castro, our government volunteers to handle his social and economic problems. Our policy to solve these problems is at the expense of and detriment to American citizens. . . ."

Clay's attempt to stop the airlift came to a vote in the House and failed by 45 to 40 (attendance was not at its best that day). He vowed to continue the fight. One of his opponents, Rep. Otto Passman of Louisiana, made his feelings clear with this comment: "There is a lot of jealousy growing up because these Cubans are willing to work and it embarrasses some of those people who would rather live on a handout."

The common complaint about the airlift, as publicized

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by Clay, was gently and humorously explored in the 1969 movie, *Popi*. In it, a Puerto Rican slum dweller in New York City, working at three jobs, decided that the only way he could give his two sons a better life was to pass them off as Cuban refugees arriving in Miami. Then, the United States would be moved to help.

In any case, the airlift will eventually wind down because Cuba stopped accepting names for the waiting list in May 1966. A State Department official has estimated that the present list will require another four or five years of the airlift.

Also waiting in Cuba is an impatient group of 800 Americans and their families. When arrangements were made in 1965 to take care of Cubans who wished to leave, these Americans were forgotten. Cuba does not permit them to be part of the airlift, and only a few have been allowed to leave on special flights to Mexico. The United States sends some $15,000 a month in interest-free subsistence loans to those still in Cuba who need help.

Meanwhile Miami, already brimming with Cubans, gets a fresh batch every day on the airlift. They arrive to find a page out of their past coming alive again. □

CALIFORNIA SHAKE-UP

THE DEMOCRATIC NEW GUARD

MARY ELLEN LEARY
Miss Leary is a California journalist.

San Francisco

It tells as much about the present character of the Democratic Party in California that former Rep. George Brown came within ten votes of being chosen chairman at a state convention in January as that the winner was the trim, competent, cool and youthful Charles Manatt, the Southern California attorney who guided John Tunney into the U.S. Senate last fall. In short, the party is in delicate balance. On the one hand the generation just past 30, schooled on the tough-minded political drive of the Kennedys, is determined to develop a winning mechanism in California, and is setting about it with a pragmatism new to Democrats in this notoriously unfettered, loose-hanging state. This group, centered in Los Angeles, clean-cut and incisive as a crew of aerospace engineers, has official command.

But their hardheadedness must deal daily with that irrepressible, buoyant liberal faction that was inspired first by Adlai Stevenson and later committed itself unreservedly to Eugene McCarthy. It looks now for a new national leader. For the moment George Brown is its spokesman. Oddly enough, at 50, this rumpled, amiable, open and affectionately esteemed figure is the most credible exponent in California of that sense of mission which alone makes politics relevant to the young and the disinherited poor. One of the most consistent Congressional opponents of the war in Vietnam, a man who never voted for a military budget, Brown is regarded by a large segment of California Democrats as a politician of rare integrity. When he calls upon the party to "break through the little security shells that surround us to find freedom, to bring basic change in our society that will restore dignity to individuals," he gives voice to a force that must be recognized.

In California, where Mexican-Americans are seething almost at the flash point, where welfare recipients and the elderly ill are targets of Gov. Ronald Reagan's economies, where blacks are moving into positions of political power, and where the concentration of universities gives young people extraordinary solidarity, the Democrats will not permit the leader of any faction to concoct a machine that leaves out heart.

The very youth of the leading technicians among California Democrats suggests that they may manage to mesh these separate drives of political idealism and practicality. All are in their early 30s. They are bright, confident, intelligent, impatient and determined. And despite their ages, they are not amateurs. For six, eight, even ten years they have been learning the process of politics, in campaigns or in office. These new California Democrats demonstrate the maturing of the Kennedy style.

It is evidence of new yeast in the party that the chairmanship should be contested. For years, it was just a chore, saddled on a workhorse. Manatt, 34, was executive secretary of the national Young Democrats organization in 1960 and served a further apprenticeship leading the Young Citizens for Kennedy. Since then, while practicing law in Van Nuys on the fringes of Hollywood, he was an industrious yeoman in successive party campaigns until he launched Tunney out of an obscure Mexican-border Congressional district into the U.S. Senate. Manatt may not quite belong in the extravagant category of "beautiful people" that includes George Brown, but he recognizes the need to open up politics to new participants, to make it respond to the tumultuous anxieties of those outside the system.

If Manatt is the organization man, Robert Moretti is the new power center. Also 34, Moretti is the youngest Speaker in the history of the Assembly, California's lower house. He is a protégé of Jess Unruh and now succeeds to Unruh's seat, but he has pulled somewhat away from his mentor, the difference being that he is committed more to teamwork than to personality. Formerly a businessman and also from Van Nuys, Moretti is the son of an Italian father and Armenian mother, who grew up in a Detroit immigrant ghetto. He is a Catholic and was an honor graduate from Notre Dame.

Moretti had scarcely taken over the elegant Speaker's quarters in the state capitol, his guitar tucked behind the door, his bust of JFK on the side table and pictures

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of his tour children on the wall, than he was acknowledging his ambition to be governor some day. In this honeymoon period the press finds him candid and forthright, not given to vacant generalizations or game playing. But he has been charged by displaced Republican colleagues with "Mafia-like" tactics, and he sent down the state a ripple of apprehension reflected in admonitory editorials in the Sacramento *Bee* and the *Los Angeles Times*, when he suggested that legalized off-track betting might help to relieve California's desperate financial needs.

For Moretti, too, John F. Kennedy was the lure into politics. He was captivated while still in college and in 1960 walked into the North Hollywood office to volunteer. His proficiency led Unruh to invite him to become a legislative consultant in 1963, and the following year he got himself elected, a freshman so obviously able that he promptly received a committee chairmanship.

In the vanguard with these men is George Moscone, party floor leader and Democratic caucus chairman in the state Senate. He is a lawyer and had been elected to San Francisco's local board of supervisors when Senate reapportionment in 1966 opened a chance at state office. At 42, Moscone is young for a state Senator; he is a gentle person with marked platform appeal, skilled at uniting diverse factions. He proved his political capacity last year by holding Senate Democrats together to stop in its tracks Governor Reagan's ambitious tax-shift package, and by then blunting the singular attack which the Governor and the Republican Party mounted against each of these obdurate Senators, tagged "the dirty dozen." Not only did every man whom Reagan had marked for defeat win re-election with Moscone's assistance but the Democrats picked up two additional seats, gaining a narrow control, 21 to 19.

On the strength of that coup and the loyalties it won him in Southern California, Moscone has openly avowed his aim to win the governorship in 1972. The array of avowed Democratic aspirants for that post keeps growing. In mid-February Rep. Jerome Waldie of Contra Costa told a Los Angeles audience that he is definitely going to run for governor, and named other likely contestants including state Sen. James Mills of San Diego and industrialist Martin Stone of Los Angeles. Waldie has been a leader in the fight for Congressional reform and an outstanding conservationist. It must have disconcerted Governor Reagan that he was not yet sworn in for his second term when the press ran major stories about the Democrats who aspired to succeed him.

Black leadership is prominent in the legislature but it is showing up in other levels of Democratic politics. New California Superintendent of Public Instruction Wilson Riles won his post by a stunning margin. Tom Bradley, Los Angeles city councilman who was narrowly defeated for mayor last time on the racial issue, is sure to run again. A newcomer is Mrs. Myrlie B. Evers, widow of Medgar Evers.

Even the money sources of these Democrats are new and, for political financiers, remarkably young. Jack Brooks, chosen chairman for Northern California, at 47 is a successful home builder and real estate developer. The chairman in Southern California is Larry Lawrence of San Diego, 45, an insurance man and real estate broker who owns that famous Victorian spa, the Hotel Del Coronado. Through the next few years, Democratic funding is not apt to remain in the hip pockets of the half dozen Beverly Hills and San Francisco oldsters who kept the party afloat in the past decade.

But the muscle, the impetus, that gives the party confidence is in the collection of experienced but youthful members of both legislative houses where talent is of a quality and abundance rare among politicians. If the Tunney-Brown tussle produced a new U.S. Senate seat and a new base of strength for the Democrats, the capture of both legislative houses in this strategic year of reapportionment is an equally significant victory. Those who managed this victory and now enjoy its fruits are the present center of power in the party.

With so much fresh leadership and with the party teetering between Kennedy-style organization and McCarthy-style ideology, it is not yet clear how the California Democrats will arrive at their national Presidential preference. Looking out upon the sea of young and unfamiliar faces, it is evident that the Hubert Humphrey supporters have faded to the periphery. Even Jess Unruh, the defeated candidate for governor, is a has-been. Turned lecturer and writer, he accepts it in good spirit. At the Sacramento meeting, the new Democrats took the measure of Edmund Muskie, George McGovern, Birch Bayh, each of whom voiced essentially the same objectives. Muskie, quiet, earnest, grave, drew a huge turnout. He used his time in the state to make countless personal contacts, not yet asking commitments. McGovern's message was just what these Californians love, but his style is bland for their taste. Bayh's vitality, his provocative youthful bluntness, captures them. Still, there is a wary deliberation among these Californians; they won't throw their hearts away until they count the votes. There is persistent talk that California will demand a place on the ticket for either Alan Cranston or John Tunney, but that consideration is second to nominating the combination best able to win in 1972, and to evoking a party spirit that will speak for change.

The new Californians expect to have a major influence on the 1972 convention, and they might if they can stay united; but cohesion is something their predecessors never managed. Just now the two segments, the passionate liberals and the hard-nosed campaign technicians, know they need each other. As one man put it, "They have taken to fighting for power, not each other." The array of volunteer and often quarrelsome party groupings, such as the once potent California Democratic Council, are fading as the party creates a strong, centralized structure. This could mean, as some hope, a new era in California politics.

There is considerable hyperbole, however, in Democratic trumpeting of the new epoch. Personal politics, they claim, is over in California; partisan politics is here, party discipline the rule. To this end, party leaders have concocted a rigorous reorganization plan that would penetrate down to precinct level. With the help of political scientists from the universities and a two-year study of election laws, they propose restoration of a partisan struc-

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ture that would "undo the nonpartisan havoc Hiram Johnson brought to California." This won't be achieved easily in a state that totally lacks patronage, and it is questionable whether old patterns can be revived in a television era that magnifies the individual and calls for immense campaign expenditures. The restructuring would require extensive legislation difficult to get past Republican opposition. It is not a practical goal right now. Even a party vote on it has been postponed until May.

But this talk of party revitalization has generated an insistence that the California delegation to the 1972 national convention reflect political openness, so that new people can have a part in shaping that convention. They want no unpledged delegations, no "favorite sons," no backroom deals. Party leaders are insisting that whoever captures the California Democratic primary, which may get opened to all in the Oregon style, must include the alienated in the slate of convention delegates. They will catalogue a broad balance of blacks, Mexican-Americans, the very young, the elderly; ask that at least a third be women and many be poor, their costs to be subsidized by the party. The Californians feel that only a delegation so constituted can keep faith with the people most outraged by the 1968 Chicago debacle. To make this diversity possible, they will push legislation that postpones delegation selection until after the primary election.

Another aspect of the ambitious drive to strengthen the party is the broadening of registration laws. At hand to help with such reform is Edmund G. Brown, Jr. Son of the former governor, Brown has proven himself at 32 a potent vote getter, and has won election as California's Secretary of State. He is self-contained, standing a bit apart from the assertive team play all around, but has shown astonishing persistence. He has already seen to the introduction of bills carrying out campaign pledges that Spanish-speaking Californians would get ballots they could read, and he marched into court in his first weeks in office to file suit for campaign spending violations whereby oil companies failed to disclose their role in defeating a rapid transit measure on the ballot. Enforcement of campaign accounting laws, so blithely ignored for years, can convey a greater sense of party confidence to voters than any amount of speech making.

Brown is another of the young men who signal a turn of events in California and whose future has no foreseeable limits. So also is William Bennett, California's Ralph Nader, who was elected to the state Board of Equalization, a tax body that gives him a base from which to maintain his criticism of the big utilities.

Another ingredient of the new politics is organized labor, which last fall played its most effective part in a campaign since 1958, when it beat "right to work" and elected Pat Brown governor. The state AFL-CIO has been headed since last spring by its quietly able and painstaking new secretary-treasurer, John Henning, Under Secretary of Labor in the Kennedy administration and since then Ambassador to New Zealand. Henning, back now to lead a labor movement he has known from boyhood, aims to link labor back into brotherhood with the poor; it is an ambition as practical as it is compassionate. Under Henning, labor no longer plays a lone game, bestowing political reward for its own quixotic and often secret reasons. Last fall, he coordinated support with the Democratic campaign, the result being that the $100,000 AFL-CIO contribution was directed into districts critical to the party's control. This cannot hurt even conservative hard-hats. Labor legislation to effect broader unemployment insurance, disability insurance and workmen's compensation should move through Sacramento this year as it hasn't for a decade.

In most states it would be ludicrous to suggest that legislative leadership constituted power. Indeed, in California a while back, the closest any legislator got to power was when some lobbyist summoned him to the corridors to tell him how to vote. Jess Unruh changed that. He may not have managed his own election as governor, but as Speaker he tailored the pattern that now gives Democrats room in which to operate. He attracted into politics, supported and trained, keen and often brilliant young men. He put through a legislative salary structure that emancipated them from special interests. California legislators now earn $19,200 plus $30 per diem during sessions and a host of perquisites such as legislative aides, secretaries, a district office, personal leased automobiles, travel allowance, committee staff and the world's most generous retirement system. Assisted by top-notch aides, many of them Ph.D.s, the legislators can dig effectively into California's problems.

Unruh also created caucus committees for each party, staffed to handle campaign problems. The Republicans, enjoying their majority, continued to rely on hired management experts, but the Democratic incumbents sat down together, studied their weak and strong districts and allotted campaign funds accordingly. Their canny closeness to the scene and their teamwork paid off.

This strategy thrust Moretti and Moscone to the fore, each controlling a campaign purse. Today Moretti has the greater power. With a 43-to-37 party majority he alone dispenses committee appointments among the eighty Assemblymen. In the Senate, where Democratic hold is marginal, this authority rests with a committee. But Moscone is better known throughout the state, and he has formidable credit among the Senate Democrats who have thrown off the "Old Guard" bipartisan rule which for more than a generation kowtowed to the lobbyists. Moscone helped re-elect James Mills of San Diego, the new independent-minded president pro tem, and backed the first black state Senator, Mervyn Dymally of Los Angeles, for the critical chairmanship of the Senate Reapportionment Committee. It is significant that Hugh Burns, a pro-Nixon Democrat from Fresno, who retired after holding sway in the Senate for thirty years by alliance with potent business interests, has been replaced by a markedly liberal young attorney, George Zenovich.

Ordinarily, the early drives of Moscone, Moretti and Waldie for the governorship would promise a disturbing party clash, but there is reason to think that they will avoid confrontation, at least until after 1972, so determined are they to build a legislative record and to consolidate Democratic strength. The most telling incident in Moretti's career to date is associated with the phrase "mice milk." During the past six years he has been one of a remarkable group in the Assembly, all of whom came

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together as freshmen from backgrounds of deprivation or ostracism, all of whom have an emotional commitment to the poor and all of whom learned—by working together, bowling together, playing poker together, and wrangling over legislation together—to understand and trust one another.

"Mice milk" is a term offered in distinction to "moose milk," the vulgar tag that hung for years on a lavish regular Thursday luncheon given by the major lobbyists for Sacramento lawmakers. Moretti and his cohorts attend, since they also need to get bills through; but as freshmen they initiated their own regular luncheon on Tuesdays: $1 apiece, no lobbyists permitted. There they have regularly plotted their bill-blocking strategies against the Republicans. "Mice milk," now that this group is in power, may prove a richer mix than "moose milk."

The Moretti team includes Leon Ralph, black Assemblyman from Watts; Walter Karabian, son of Armenian immigrants; Wadie Deddeh, a naturalized Arab; Jack Fenton and Henry Waxman, representing solid Jewish districts in Los Angeles; and from San Francisco the sharp-minded, volatile and skillful black lawyer, Willie Brown, who as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee is in the critical spot to review the budget. This lines him up as Governor Reagan's chief antagonist. As chairman of the Rules Committee, in command of largess, dispensing committee funds, aides, expense accounts, car allotments and the rest, Moretti installed John Burton, a San Francisco Assemblyman whose anti-war campus speeches and advocacy of "people causes" mark him as vigorously independent, owing favors to nobody. Such men at the head of major committees give many businessmen nightmares of radical revolution.

The entire new Democratic leadership is convinced that laws must be passed to redirect government benefits from those who possess to those who are dispossessed. They are impatient to make a record. They might also curb the tax advantages enjoyed by some large interests. The oil and the road-building lobbies could be primary targets, partly in response to California's ecological alarms and partly as retribution for their long enjoyment of privilege. "You will see some surprising legislation," Moretti predicts.

But the reality of lawmaking tempers this expectation. It could in fact trim the achievement of this remarkable leadership to just another chapter in frustration. Reapportionment designed for Democratic benefit will take priority over all other concerns this year. The bill must be drafted so that Republicans will accept it and persuade Reagan to sign it. This means that powerful Republicans in each house must be placated. In addition, a revitalized Democratic Party that is reaching for state control needs money, and individuals aspiring for their own advancement can't afford to be too abrasive toward the sources. Such practicality may moderate radical moves against big business, particularly in the areas of savings and loan companies and insurance, which are customarily friendly to Democrats.

The final impediment is the Governor. Reagan's frugality has this year become sheer miserliness. His budget purports to be lower than last year's, despite state growth, and urgent unemployment, welfare, school, college and medical needs. Proposed savings are to be made by cutting many of the very programs that cry out for expansion. It is likely that the Democrats will have all they can do to wangle through enough tax shifts or new income sources to support present programs, for the threat of the veto will shadow their every move.

Nevertheless, the new Democrats of California are trail makers to watch. They are certain to make a dent on the 1972 convention and on the party's Presidential choice. By their youth, their dynamism, their intelligence, their cross-culture backgrounds, many of these men project the kind of politics to which skeptical young people can respond. The question is whether, as power affects each of them and as their ambitions rise, they can maintain enough unity and enough political courage to refashion a system they recognize as unresponsive to the majority. □

WITH SIHANOUK IN PEKING

ALESSANDRO CASELLA

Mr. Casella is employed in the Far Eastern Documentation Center of the Geneva Graduate Institute of International Studies. Early this winter he received through the Chinese Consulate in Geneva a visa to visit Peking, his purpose being to interview Prince Sihanouk, who had earlier agreed to the meeting. The two-hour conversation, which is printed in part below, took place at Sihanouk's villa, situated in a large compound near Peking's Fisherman's Court.

Q. Your Highness, when you were in Phnom Penh, you felt that Cambodia should follow a policy of neutrality. Why? . . . In view of the situation today, do you feel that your policy of neutrality has been a failure?

A. Having acquired our independence from France in 1953, we felt that it was our task to safeguard this independence at all costs. At that time one could already see the the beginning of what was to be the struggle between the Communists and the free world. I knew that if Cambodia were to become involved in that struggle it would have meant an end to its independence. It was, therefore, imperative for us to find some way to avoid involvement in the struggle between the Communist and Western ideologies. In 1954, Nehru spoke to me of nonalignment, and in 1955, at New Delhi, I adopted this policy for our country. I cannot regard Cambodia's neutrality as a failure. On the contrary, it gave Cambodia fifteen years of peace and independence and I am sure that if the Cambodian people could speak their minds today, they would wholeheartedly approve a return to that policy.

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Q. When you were in Cambodia it appears that you

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had certain difficulties with the Left. There was an armed rebellion in Batambang Province and, in 1967, your relations with China were somewhat strained.

A. Yes, in 1967 we had certain problems with China. I am, as you know, a keen patriot and I demand that other countries respect my country's independence. Consequently, it was my duty to defend our independence even against my best friends. In this respect, I am quite near to the position of General de Gaulle. I have always considered myself a Gaullist, and, like de Gaulle, I wished that my country's independence be respected and its dignity be upheld. Well, it was not so much the People's Republic of China that was meddling in our affairs but rather some local Maoists, some Sino-Cambodians, some Red Khmers in Phnom Penh, and also some Chinese elements who were more royalist than the King—that is to say, more Maoist then President Mao. These people had at one time endangered the tranquillity and independence of Cambodia. It was my duty to put a stop to their endeavors, and this I did. China has understood my attitude perfectly well and has not criticized it. . . .

Q. Don't you feel that your economic policy of nationalization was one of the reasons which induced the right wing to overthrow you?

A. Indeed, the right wing strongly opposed my policy of nationalization. Those men who overthrew me wanted a pro-American capitalist Cambodia. It was not to advance the interest of the people that they wanted such a policy but only for their own gains. Moreover, among those who support Lon Nol are not only the military, who are by profession anti-Communist, but also the bankers, the businessmen, the landowners—all those who constitute the right-wing elements in all countries. These people are opposed to neutrality, which presupposes some form of coexistence with the other camp.

Q. At the time of the coup you were in France. Why didn't you return to Cambodia?

A. I was seriously ill and it is for this reason that I spent two months in France in a hospital. I left the hospital only to see Mr. Pompidou and the day I had lunch with him, I was overthrown by Lon Nol. I had known for several days before the coup that, had I returned to Cambodia, I would have been arrested, tried and executed by a group of army officers. Of course, I had the people on my side, but they were without arms and could not have rescued me. I had no thought of turning myself over to the enemy. It is for this reason that I chose to fight abroad.

Q. When you left France, you stopped in Moscow. Why?

A. I went to Moscow to see my son who was working there; also to see Messrs. Podgorny, Brezhnev and Kosygin. The Russians advised me to return immediately to Cambodia, but I had already decided that if I returned I would be arrested and executed. After Moscow, I went to Peking from where I organized the resistance. I had hoped the Russians would support me, but when they saw that I had no intention of returning to Cambodia to be executed, they dropped me. So only China helps me, and I remain in China. Of course, if the Russians had adopted toward me the same attitude adopted by the Chinese, I would have been overjoyed. But they did not. No doubt they considered that their interests are on the side of Lon Nol.

Q. It has been said that you went to Moscow to obtain assurances that the Vietnamese revolutionaries who were occupying some of the border areas of Cambodia would promise to return to Vietnam after their eventual victory. Is that true?

A. The Vietnamese are an extremely independent people. North Vietnam is independent both from Russia and from China. If one wishes to insure that the Vietnamese respect Cambodia's borders, it is not with Moscow or with Peking that one should negotiate but with Hanoi. And I did negotiate with Hanoi. Hanoi gave me the most formal assurances that the Vietnam of tomorrow will respect the borders of Cambodia and its royal regime. I have written promises, signed promises. . . .

Q. It is claimed today in Phnom Penh that you accepted the presence of Communist Vietnamese troops in Cambodia. However, in your writings, it appears that you were not overjoyed by the presence of these forces on your territory.

A. Of course I was not overjoyed, because I am not Vietnamese. I am Cambodian and moreover we were not belligerent. Though I understood the nature of the problems faced by the Vietcong, I could in no way approve the presence on Cambodian soil of Vietnamese, whether Communists or anti-Communists. Today, however, things have changed. We are at war. Cambodia is no longer nonbelligerent. As a matter of fact, we are fighting two wars: one against Lon Nol and one against the United States. On the Indochinese battlefield, we are now fighting side by side with the Vietnamese Communists and with the Pathet Lao, to liberate our three countries. After the war we shall separate. Cambodia will become neutral, the Vietnamese and the Laotians will do whatever they want. But for the time being you must realize that we cannot fight alone, since we are pitted not only against Lon Nol but also against the Saigon government and against the Bangkok government that sends its forces against us. And finally we are fighting against the greatest power of all times, against the United States. In these conditions, the three peoples of Indochina, who are poor and lack equipment, cannot do otherwise than create a united front. Whether our allies are Communist or not is now irrelevant.

Q. Do you feel that the Americans played a role in the coup that overthrew you? If yes, do you believe that this role was decided upon in Washington or that it resulted from a locally initiated action by some American agency?

A. The coup was engineered by the CIA, acting under the influence of the American hawks. I know perfectly well that the hawks in Saigon and Bangkok constantly sent reports to Washington, saying that if Sihanouk continued to reign in Cambodia it would be impossible to destroy the Vietcong in South Vietnam. These reports had been sent to President Johnson, but he refused to follow their advice. However, Nixon is far more aggressive than Johnson, and he permitted the American hawks to engineer my overthrow.

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Q. Don't you feel that the extension of the war to Cambodia is in contradiction with the policy of withdrawal and Vietnamization that is currently applied by the United States in Vietnam?

A. It is not at all in contradiction. Nixon pretends that his intervention in Cambodia is motivated by his wish to shorten the war in Vietnam and to protect American lives. What he wants is that Laotians, Cambodians and Vietnamese kill one another and give their lives to spare American lives, the lives of white men. Whether Asians die or not is of no importance to Nixon. That is what he calls Vietnamization.

Q. Let us now speak, Your Highness, of your armed struggle. How do you envisage it? Are you planning to establish a unified command for all three of the Indochinese people?

A. No, we are three independent people, three independent nations. Each of us has its own ideology, and we cannot conceive of a unified command. We are three comrades in arms, each with his own command. The Cambodian forces are occasionally assisted by some Vietnamese technicians, but they do not depend on the Vietnamese command.

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Q. How would you define, your Highness, the aid that you receive from abroad?

A. The aid that we receive from China is the most important. We also receive help from Socialist Vietnam and from North Korea. This assistance is extremely useful to us. Of course, we would willingly accept help from other sources, namely the Soviet Unoin and the Eastern European countries, but these countries do not offer it. Concerning military equipment, we have all we need. However, transportation is a problem. The help we receive from China is delivered to the Vietnamese border. From there the North Vietnamese transport it to the Cambodian border. It is a very long way, and the Americans constantly bomb our lines of supplies. However, whatever we need we ultimately receive, because China gives us all that we request. We have decided to arm 30,000 men this year and 40,000 more next year. China will give us all the the equipment we need for these men.

Donato, Windsor Star (Canada)

Q. Your Highness, your residence is now here in Peking. You receive aid from China, the Red Khmers fight at your side and the Vietnamese Communists assist you. Don't you think that one day you will have to pay a political price for all this help?

A. [*The Prince laughs.*] I am sure that there will be no price to pay because it is in the interest of China and of Vietnam to help us fight American imperialism, which is our common enemy. And even after the Americans have been forced to withdraw from the area, it will still be in the interest of China and of Vietnam to respect our independence. It is for this reason that when several Cambodian Communists told Hanoi that they thought I should also become Communist, the Vietnamese answered: "Of course not, the Prince must remain the Prince of Cambodia because if Cambodia becomes Communist or if it becomes our satellite, we would have nothing to gain from this. On the other hand, if the world sees that we respect Cambodia, our prestige will increase among the small nations of Asia." I can say that the Chinese and the Koreans told me exactly the same thing. . . . I am sure that they are sincere; I do not speak of their feelings because, as I once said, friendship between nations is only the coincidence of national interests; but from the point of view of their national interests, China and Vietnam will respect Cambodia.

Q. You consider, therefore, that if you return to Cambodia you will again be able to apply your policy of neutrality?

A. Of that I am absolutely sure, but as far as Sihanouk is concerned, my intention is to retire. I am fighting for the victory of my ideal of independence and neutrality, but once we have won, I shall leave the task of governing the country to others, to the young generation, which appears to me very patriotic. They want a Cambodia that will be independent, toward both China and Vietnam. It is a bit like the Chinese, who are very Communist and very nationalistic. So I am sure that the future of Cambodia will be in good hands and that the country will not need me any longer. . . .

Q. You will retire, however, only after you have achieved your victory?

A. Yes, after victory, not before. I shall fight until Lon Nol is swept away. I shall enter Phnom Penh with the popular forces and then I shall resign and leave for France.

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Q. Your Highness, why doesn't the Soviet Union help you? Why haven't the Soviet leaders recognized your movement?

A. They have not told me anything, those people. [*The Prince laughs.*] They have not given an explanation. Therefore, all I can do is guess. Of course, I don't want to say anything that might be considered unjust, but some people think that the Russians have not helped me because I am too close to China. However . . . I would be quite happy to be as close to the Russians as I am to the Chinese. I have no reason to snub the Soviet Union, but the Soviet Union snubs me, and there is nothing I can do about that. I can't give you an explanation. Some people think that

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the Russians, who are white, may fear the Asians, who are now regrouping around China. So the Russians would regroup with other whites, who are Americans. But all this is said by others, I don't know. In fact, I just cannot understand the Russian attitude, but I can say that it is very detrimental to us and that Lon Nol takes advantage of it. He pretends that his regime is a popular one, and tells the Cambodians that the proof that he is not pro-imperialist is that the Russians condemn Sihanouk and choose to keep their representatives in Phnom Penh. I also have my Communists, says Lon Nol; they are the Russians. This is a very serious handicap for us.

Q. Your Highness, President Nixon is now reducing the number of American military troops in Vietnam. Do you feel that in the long run an American military presence in Asia would be acceptable, or do you demand a total withdrawal of all American forces from the Asian continent?

A. When I was at home, I mean when Cambodia was neutral, I used to think that the Americans should withdraw from ex-French Indochina, but that they should remain somewhere in the vicinity. I thought that an American presence would be a positive factor in preserving a balance of power in Southeast Asia. Today I am less convinced of the need for Americans in the area. They are too dangerous for us; we know that if they remain, they will always be capable of again invading Cambodia in one form or another. We are now fighting for the total withdrawal of the Americans, not only from Indochina but from Southeast Asia.

Q. Do you feel that the form and the conditions of an American withdrawal could be negotiated? Do you feel that some agreement could be worked out on this matter with the Americans?

A. Of course everything can be negotiated, and I believe that the form can always be found, provided there is some mutual good will. However, concerning Cambodia, I am pessimistic. Nixon supports Lon Nol 100 per cent and does not recognize my government. He pretends that the resistance in Cambodia is purely Vietnamese. In substance, this notion is completely erroneous. . . . Nixon says that there is no civil war in Cambodia, but only a North Vietnamese aggression, and he wants to negotiate the end of the war in Cambodia with Hanoi. It is totally inconceivable that the North Vietnamese will ever negotiate with Nixon on the subject of Cambodia, because that would mean admitting the truth of Nixon's interpretation. If Nixon ignores us, he cannot discuss a cease-fire with us. And if he were to recognize us, as the National Liberation Front has been recognized in Paris, we would not agree to sit at the same table with Lon Nol. We want to negotiate directly with Nixon, and Nixon will never agree. Therefore, there is no solution. I believe that the war will continue.

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Q. Your Highness, if you were to give advice to President Nixon, what would it be?

A. I believe that Mr. Nixon should cease to intervene in the affairs of other countries. That is the golden rule which all great powers should follow in their relations with smaller countries. China, for example, does not intervene in the affairs of others. It only helps them. There is a difference between helping and intervening. The Americans, on the other hand, wage war against small countries. And even when the Americans withdraw their ground troops, as they did in Cambodia, they send instead their B-52s. We would much prefer to fight American ground troops—who manage very badly against us, who suffer from the sun, the rain and the mosquitoes—rather than face their heavy bombers. Moreover, I feel that if the Americans really want to contain communism they don't need to establish military bases abroad or send their troops to other countries. If the Americans knew how to use intelligently the mad sums that they spend on warfare, they would soon gain the respect and appreciation of the people of the whole world. That is the best containment of communism. You do not contain communism by sowing death and misery. . . . There is no doubt that in Cambodia the best agent of President Mao Tse-tung is President Nixon. Mr. Nixon only thinks that he is anti-Communist. In reality he works for communism. Mr. Nixon is the greatest Maoist after President Mao, in the sense that Mr. Nixon serves China very well. Without Mr. Nixon, Cambodia would not be as friendly with China as it is now. And after liberation, Cambodia will again be independent but very close to China. It would have been far less close to China without the intervention of Mr. Nixon.

Q. Your Highness, how do you see the future for Indochina; will it be Red or pink?

A. I represent a small people whose only ambition is to survive in a world that is without pity for small countries. All we do is try to stay on the surface. Now they are trying to sink us and we are trying to regain a small place in the sun. Pink or Red, I feel that the future for Indochina will be one of independence for all of its countries. There is no doubt that the Laotians want independence for Laos, the Vietnamese want independence for Vietnam, and the Cambodians want independence for Cambodia. And I think that China will help us to be independent one from another. Let us imagine that Vietnam might want to colonize Cambodia; China would not permit it. And the Vietnamese would not permit the Chinese to colonize Cambodia either.

Q. Admitting that China wants to see an independent and neutral Cambodia, don't you think that the Chinese leaders would still prefer a Red Cambodia?

A. I don't know. Earlier, I thought that China wanted Cambodia to become Communist, but now the Chinese actually oppose this tendency among certain Cambodians.

Q. In other words, here in Peking is a Prince, who represents the monarchy supported by China; while in Phnom Penh—a Republican general is supported by the United States.

A. [*The Prince laughs.*] Yes, it is an absolutely ludicrous situation, because of course no state is more Socialist than China, and China helps me. Well, it is in the interest of the Chinese. When I thank their leaders, they answer: "Do not thank us; it is in our interest to help you get rid of the Americans, because if the Americans leave Asia, we shall feel far more secure in our own country." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Bout of Thackeray

ROBERT HATCH

Like most prudent men I keep in reserve a small list of books to be read on occasions when I am laid up—not sick but incapacitated. When, therefore, I was thrown on my back shortly after Christmas, I called for *The Princess Casamassima* and read it in the next day and a half. The great advantage of encountering a signal work under such circumstances is that one swallows it at a draught. Ordinarily, we read, an hour here, an hour there, in moments left over from responsible busyness. The tension is broken innumerable times, and we evade the force of the book even while absorbing it.

The opposite side of this fortunate continuity is that the encounter can be more formidable than one anticipates. I completed James's exquisite exposure of pride and treachery not only supine but flattened, and resolved to undertake nothing more of quite that order lying down. But an invalid is a reading animal and, casting about, I remembered that a complete set of Thackeray—one of those library editions with a great deal of marbling and paper that in 100 years has turned brittle—had recently come to us at the breaking up of another household. I asked that the carton be put at my bedside and set to work.

People will claim to know Thackeray on the basis of having read *Vanity Fair* and *Henry Esmond* and *Pendennis,* and for practical purposes that may be knowledge enough. But after ten days of solid industry, with a good many hours of overtime in the wakeful period before dawn, I have more rigorous standards. What about *The Virginians,* that bizarre sequel to *Esmond,* in which one or the other of the twin heroes narrowly escapes a duel with George Washington, assists General Wolfe in the assault upon Quebec, is encouraged by Dr. Johnson to persist in his ambitions as a playwright, or loses at cards a diplomatic sum of guineas to the ancient German mistress of George II? Not even Upton Sinclair's Lanny Budd had a happier faculty for bumping into history on street corners. Or what about *The Adventures of Philip,* offering the figure of Dr. Brand Firmin, surely the most odious father in Victorian literature? Then there are the Christmas books, small entertainments got up for the holiday trade (the fact that Thackeray was his own witty illustrator must have particularly recommended him to the publishers of these confections). And there are the *Ballads* and a group of tales called *Men's Wives.* The former I did not much read; too many of them are written in mockery of the form and all of them jingle with a deadly accurate rhyme. Nor would I particularly recommend the latter, except as evidence of the unflagging industry of 19th-century British novelists. No wonder their works stack up so impressively on the bookshelf.

However, one of these tales, "Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry," illustrates another benefit of reading in a time of indisposition—the condition fosters great patience, which on occasion is rewarded. In a state of health, I should probably not have proceeded far into the history of the excessively good-natured Berry, it being so clearly an exercise wherein Thackeray set his technique to working on its own, while he occupied himself elsewhere. However, he must have looked in from time to time to see how the job was going, for in the second half of the tale I came upon this description of a house the Berrys had taken for an extended stay in France:

> It was one of the old pavilions that had been built for a pleasure-house in the gay days of Versailles, ornamented with abundance of damp Cupids and cracked gilt cornices, and old mirrors let into the walls, and gilded once, but now painted a dingy French white. The long low windows looked into the court, where the fountain played its ceaseless dribble, surrounded by numerous rank creepers and weedy flowers, but in the midst of which the statues stood with their bases quite moist and green.
>
> I hate fountains and statues in dark, confined places: that cheerless, endless plashing of water is the most inhospitable sound ever heard. The stiff grin of those French statues, or ogling Canova Graces, is by no means more happy, I think, than the smile of a skeleton, and not so natural. Those little pavilions in which the old *roués* sported, were never meant to be seen by daylight, depend on't. They were lighted up with a hundred wax-candles, and the little fountain yonder was meant only to cool their claret.

That is worth at least an afternoon spent cutting the pages of a volume that has stood in a glass-fronted bookcase for at least three generations.

There is of course much more—collected contributions to *Punch* from which the allusive humor has almost completely faded; a volume of historical and critical essays—the *Four Georges and English Humourists,* which is admirably written at a level of popular instruction that does not condescend; a *Book of Snobs* (whether he realized it or not, confession was no doubt good for Thackeray's soul) that is uproariously funny and too long drawn out—I suspect to fulfill a commission. And, not to itemize everything, there are two splendid volumes, *The Paris Sketch Book* and *The Irish Sketch Book.*

I don't know that this exhaustive reading in Thackeray is to be encouraged. After a time, one becomes aware that one is being served a good deal of wine from a rather small vineyard. In retrospect, it is not easy to keep Thackeray's heroes apart. In chronicle after chronicle, a promising youth, from too great self-confidence and an innocence of the world, falls among dangerous companions, drinks prodigiously, gambles away his prospects, but is restored at the end to health and comfort, usually through the help of a ministering female, but always because, although he may have sacrificed his dignity and suffered poignant blows to his vanity, the good fellow has never compromised his honor. This somewhat bruised figure of chivalry is surrounded by a colorful but not very large company: profligate young gallants; elderly noblemen of short temper; obsequious clerics; boisterous Irish captains; beldames of steady wisdom and passionate selfishness; modest persons of both sexes whose intuition and generosity, we are repeatedly told, compensate for their inability to cope with aspirates; reigning beauties with hearts of minted gold, and brown little women of yearning softness who become eagles in defense of their stricken lovers. These, with powdered servants, loan sharks, lawyers, bumbailiffs, innkeepers and rustics, make up the roll. Thackeray handles them with a native deftness improved by much practice, but after you have been over the terrain once or twice, it is hard to pretend ignorance of how the storm-tossed voyage will end. Virtue will have its reward in spotless love and an income that is at least comfortable, and everyone will go down to dinner in the order of rank. It is not that Thackeray

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approves of the mercenary instinct; on the contrary, he deals harshly with those who scheme to profit, and it is characteristic of his heroes that they earn neither the fortunes they initially squander nor the competences that restore them to respectability. It is simply that he sees money as an attribute of virtue, like a clear eye or a dignified bearing. Nor does he, really, fawn on titles. He is ready, indeed he is exceedingly quick, to say that a private gentleman of courage and honor is always to be preferred to a lord of ancient title riddled with vice and sunk in crime. Thackeray makes considerable sport of aristocratic pretensions and of the toadying it encourages; it is a way, perhaps, of protesting rather insistently his own independence from such bondage. But he is most happy when moral excellence is combined with heraldic devices, and particularly if there is some question of a bar sinister.

Of course Thackeray was not alone in any of these matters. The young heroes of Trollope, whose books I find more companionable, can be depended upon to be sad dogs who come to happy shelters; money obsesses his pages, and rank is one of the assumed blessings of life. There is nevertheless a matter of tone. Thackeray in the end estranges me, I think, by his jocularity. However often he interrupts his narrative to preach a sermon or shed a tear, he never drops that air of avuncular chuckling at the expense of his people. He is a good hater; cruelty or dishonesty evoke the full power of his eloquence, whereas those he admires he patronizes. The disconcerting result is that, though virtue prevails in his novels, it does so at the cost of being rather boldly upstaged by vice until the final run.

That is not so with Trollope. He also may be amused by the antics of his scapegraces, but at the same time he broods over them, suffers with them, and conceives them as being in so delicate a balance between strength and weakness that we enlist in their behalf and no one takes the stage from them. Who would not trade an Esmond for a Silverbridge? And so, aware that even now a spate of doctoral theses are being written to prove me wrong, I would doubt that a popular revival of Thackeray is at all likely. However, coming thus by some indirection to my purpose, I do believe it would be a service, and maybe a profitable one, if some publisher would revive from the collected works those two volumes mentioned earlier—*The Paris Sketch Book* and *The Irish Sketch Book*.

Like many astute writers, Thackeray paid for his travels with his pen. Contracting in advance with *Cornhill's*, perhaps, or *Punch*, he would set out under the *nom de voyage* of Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, and send back periodic accounts of beauties and curiosities visited, and outlandish native customs observed, with whimsical side comments on the deportment of British family groups abroad. Once, he records, Mr. Punch got rather the better of him over one of these ventures. Running into the ageless jester in a London park, Titmarsh remarked that wanderlust had seized him once again. Punch fell in with the idea, but then swept his arms toward the immediate horizon and gave his opinion that London itself offered the voyager a journey of unequaled opportunity. Thackeray took the assignment with rueful good grace—I assume he thought it prudent to endorse the notions of the opinionated Mr. Punch.

The Paris Sketch Book opens in the usual Titmarsh manner, with an account of the humiliations of a rough Channel crossing, the night spent at Boulogne, the twenty-five-hour journey by diligence to Paris, and some practical information on accommodations in that city for visitors of various means. But it then drops the travel format and becomes a collection, I suppose written at different times, of art and literary criticism, French history as if from the pen of John Bull himself, anecdotes and fables gathered in the provinces, and fiction, both farcical and tragic.

The arrangement, whether by Thackeray or some unnamed editor, is skillful. Thus a discriminating tour through the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the Luxembourg and the Louvre (Thackeray recognized French painting as being far superior to that of his countrymen; he abominated Classicism, of which he enumerated many offending examples; he admired Delacroix and, with exceptions, scorned David) is followed by an absurd fairy tale wherein a starving garret painter makes a pact with the devil and outwits his hellish benefactor by a startling breach of gallantry. And a savage attack on the Napoleonic idea as expressed by Louis Napoleon (the book was first published in 1840) precedes a melodrama of lust, innocence and a mobile guillotine from the time of St. Just and Robespierre. Thackeray offers an instructive and entertaining piece on how the "poor" reproduction method of lithography provided France with a popular art more adventurous, vigorous, appropriate, and in every way superior to the smug, saccharine and imitative engravings that decorated the cottages and inns of England.

Most notably, he writes with great indignation of a then recent murder case in which a notary of Belley by the name of Peytel was found guilty of slaying his pregnant wife and his man servant during a fearful storm on the road to Macon. Thackeray does not contend that the man was innocent (indeed, he thinks him probably guilty), but he shows most persuasively that he was not *proved* guilty, and offers an interpretation of the evidence that is easily as cogent as the reasoning that lost the notary his head. The immediate purpose of the piece is to demonstrate that French court procedures are less even-handed than those of the Anglo-Saxon tradition, but beneath that is an abomination of capital punishment per se, which Thackeray expresses in several other contexts. The essay is a brilliant precursor of the "novel of fact," now associated with the names of Truman Capote and Norman Mailer.

Not all the selections have resisted time, and some of them require a scholarly background and interest that I lack. A quick view of Fashionable Novels deals, as far as I can tell from internal evidence, with works that must have been dying even as Thackeray was appraising them; and a scornful dismissal of George Sand's religious fervor reminds me only that gentlemen no longer become heated over their wine on points of doctrine, faith and spiritual rapture.

Like many Englishmen of his time—and many since—Thackeray did not quite know how to take the French. He loved the light of the French sky and the style of French intercourse; but he never overcame his British sense of superiority to the frivolity of French rationalism, and he was prickly with the intimation that he was not liked. That ambiguity gives a savor to this *Sketch Book* that has not at all lost its pungency in a century or more.

The Irish Sketch Book is quite specifically a travel record, but it too is heightened by ambiguity. The trip was made in 1842, when Thackeray was 31 and full of zest for new sights and the new friends that his many letters of introduction provided him. Starting at Dublin (I wish these library editions had carried maps), he swung south and west in a great arc—Kildare, Waterford, Cork, Skibbereen, Killarny, Tralee, Limerick, Galway, Westport and across country back to Dublin. Then, after a few days spent at fairs nearby, he headed for Belfast and the northern tip of Ireland, where wild Gaelic boatmen rowed him out in a gale to view the Giant's Causeway, nor would consent to land him on shore until he agreed to buy from their boxes of mineral "specimens."

Thackeray, for all his solemn, round-

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faced, round-spectacled appearance, must have had an unusual faculty for striking up acquaintances; his pages glint and chuckle with the conversations of wayfarers met in country inns or on the coaches and carts along the way. He was living splendid days with such companions, townsmen and peasants, as with the Irish gentry in their, to an Englishman, alarmingly hospitable country houses.

But if Ireland was witty, intelligent, boisterous and openhanded, it was also bitterly poor, and, perforce, Thackeray recorded the misery. I think he resented it for dampening his jolly time and that, as a countryman of the absentee owners, he felt guilty. Trying to evade or shift the blame, he can seem extraordinarily callous—as when he comments on the healthy appearance of women gathering nettles for food in the hedgerows, or when he asks rhetorically whether the English landlords are responsible for the cottage squalor, water and lime being at hand. But for Thackeray heartlessness is the most shallow of poses: the terrible need haunts him and he is ever reverting to it, pointing to the vacant warehouses, the silent mills, the ruined estates; bursting out at one point:

> . . . visitors to almost all the showplaces in the country . . . have not only the guide—who himself talks too much—but a string of ragged amateurs, starting from bush and briar, ready to carry his honour's umbrella or my lady's cloak, or to help either up a bank or across a stream. And all the while they look wistfully in your face, saying, "Give me sixpence!" as clear as looks can speak. The unconscionable rogues! how dare they, for the sake of a little starvation or so, interrupt gentlefolks in their pleasure!

Not being a sociologist, Thackeray does not make the connection between the hard times and the surprising bustle of coming and going upon the highways, and he is genuinely surprised that men and women would rather beg at the posting stops and sleep in the fields than submit themselves to the antiseptic poorhouses which several times he inspects with sober approval. He is rather better at politics, seeing well enough that the curse of Ireland is the wall of dogma and ignorance that separates Catholic and Protestant. In a passage that is today grimly up to date, he notes that in Belfast, where the population divides almost evenly among Catholics, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, "A politician, whatever may be his way of thinking, has the great advantage of possessing two enemies on whom he may exercise his eloquence."

The book, then, is a mixture of holiday and investigation. On the one hand, it recalls a hilarious marine stag hunt on the lakes of Innisfallen in a blinding fog, the master of the hunt being John O'Connell, brother of Daniel the Liberator, who from time to time looms out of the murk in his twelve-oared barge; on the other, it supplies a close account of the Agricultural Seminary of Templemoyle, where for ten pounds a year the sons of yeomen receive a sound education along with training in the cultivation of the land. He notes of this institution that it was the one place in Ireland where he found no religious antagonisms, and measures it with glowing praise against the superficial arrogance of the public schools of his own background.

Thackeray, I think, was not much interested in scenery. A great deal of that he saw was of course magnificent, and he dutifully acknowledges it; but as he says himself his descriptions are not very evocative. People and habitations, public and private, are his real landscape. He was a conscientious guide; I'm sure one could have taken his word for inns, available transport and the condition of the roads, and it is frustrating that all this information, much of it alluring, is now generations out of date. However, the people have not aged—the pretty kitchen maids, the grinning cart boys, the rollicking party of yachtsmen crowded on top of the coach and waving a rag on a long pole to arouse the suspicions of approaching horses. One can smell the roasts at the "race ordinary," if one can no longer taste them. (I was made thoughtful by a recipe that Thackeray passes along; it begins, "Take a lobster, about three feet long, if possible . . . .")

The "ragged, ruined and cheerful" Irish don't arouse in Thackeray the belligerence he betrays on occasion in France, perhaps for the not entirely admirable reason that, whereas he felt the need to argue the superiority of the English to the French, in the case of the Irish he thought the demonstration unnecessary. Yet he seldom if ever patronizes them; he probably knew that the Irish sense of humor would have made that dangerous. And he freely admits that they have a gift for friendship and empathy that his own race cannot match. The trip was a lark by a basically serious man. He not only saw things; he looked into them, and his *Journal*, exemplary journalism in its day, persists as the panorama of a gay, tormented land, and is almost as fresh as in the year it was written.

It must also be the record of one of the last such journeys made by stage and carriage in Western Europe; the railroads were already spreading out from Dublin and Belfast, as from every major city. The last generation of post horses was already feeding in the inn stables, and the turnpikes would soon fall idle as the rail net covered the land. We've reversed all that, taking to the highways again, but for entertainment and instruction a Greyhound bus is a public conveyance vastly inferior to "The Skibbereen Perseverance." □

Gold for All Its Glitter

SELECTED PROSE. *By Max Beerbohm. Edited and with an introduction by Lord David Cecil. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 390 pp. $6.95.*

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN

Mr. Markmann, a frequent contributor, is a journalist, critic, novelist and translator. His latest book, The Noblest Cry *(St. Martin's Press), is a history of the American Civil Liberties Union.*

Nothing, probably, is easier than to read into any artist's work, be he major or minor, meanings that may very likely never have occurred to him before, during or after the event. And yet it is surprisingly often quite difficult to believe that Max Beerbohm did not indeed intend the barbed meanings that one cannot avoid finding in so many of his pieces the better part of a century after they were written. That is the most obvious lesson of this little collection assembled by an almost uncritically admiring editor from a vast inventory of superior minor works. A less obvious but perhaps more striking lesson is how perdurable the seemingly trifling can be, how the ostensibly topical need not always date.

Beerbohm was a contemporary of Shaw and Wilde and all those more sober, serious figures who together brought into being a golden era of English literature. (He himself survived, in Rapallo, that magnet to aging authors, until 1956; he was born just ninety-nine years ago.) He never pretended to compete with any of them, as he never hesitated to parody all of them; his was almost militantly a minor talent, and yet to Shaw he was "the incomparable Max"—an epithet only slightly exaggerated. Beerbohm's was the spirit that might well have been claimed as an ancestor by *The New Yorker* when it was in its best

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years, before it lost—as Beerbohm never did—the capacity for self-satire.

The subtlety of Beerbohm's irony, in fact, is such that one cannot always be certain that he is not mocking himself as well as his world, especially in the more extreme of the preciosities that are luxuriant on almost every page. He had an infallible eye for the absurd, and little mercy for it; yet it would be inaccurate to call him cruel. He was a headsman who struck cleanly but with compassion.

The volume at hand—the kind of anthology reminiscent of those "portables" that, regrettably, the Viking Press no longer offers—contains more than thirty examples of Beerbohm at his apogee: fiction, essays, parodies, criticism (it was as a dramatic critic that he supported his art). The fiction is represented by several chapters from his famous novel of Oxford, *Zuleika Dobson*; his equally celebrated parable, *The Happy Hypocrite*, and a couple of stories. From the purely formal point of view, his qualities as a creator of fictions are not markedly different from those esteemed by his contemporaries, and therefore, when he invokes them to animate a recollection of actuality—his first meeting with the aging Swinburne, in the event—the result is a solid, almost sensory impression of life. This is less frequently true of the fictions themselves, particularly *Zuleika Dobson*, because of its exquisite superficiality and the wickedness of Beerbohm's mocking fantasies.

It may legitimately be asked why a serious reader at the tired end of a sick century should trouble himself with a *Yellow Book* kind of curio, when once more Apocalypse has us beset with malice domestic and foreign levies. Quite possibly that very fact is reason enough for the respite afforded by pure aesthetic diversion. But no such intimations of irrelevance (to fall into the current jargon) ought to be lodged against that perennial delight and scourge, *The Happy Hypocrite*—it is hard to think of any place or period in which at every level of society the mask was so magical in its cosmetic-osmotic powers as it is now in a whole nation of Misses Mere and fatuous Lords George Hell.

Beerbohm, however, always affected an indifference to public concerns that was probably somewhat less genuine than his indisputable and deplorable snobbery. When he is caricaturing other snobs and their idiosyncracies he is unfailingly amusing; when his own show through, he is likely to be merely offensive, though rarely gravely so. His most genuine concerns are, always, art and manners. All the arts were matters of supreme importance to him, and so too were people's relations with one another. Bad art he dispatched without quarter; or else he lampooned it with a broad humor that one would hardly have expected and that must have made its targets exquisitely uncomfortable: an excellent specimen of the product is the famous " 'Savonarola' Brown." It was less easy for him to attack people: even in his most effective ridicule of the shallow, the affected, the crass, there is what can be called only a soft ruthlessness.

This is no less true of his parodies. Few parodists have so sure a versatility —the authors here eviscerated are as various as Henry James, Rudyard Kipling, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, G. K. Chesterton and Joseph Conrad—or so thorough an empathy. The key once more is that element so rare in parodies, restraint, or, to use the term of art, understatement. Many of these authors were men whom Beerbohm liked, as well as writers he esteemed; but, as in his affectionate portrait of Swinburne, he was incapable of deluding himself or his reader. He might have held the most challengeable views on the question of candor in art—"when it reveals evil, itself is evil"—but he could not stomach deception.

Of course almost all the dramatic criticism of any period is of little more than antiquarian interest to any other. The editor of this book was wise i restricting himself to so few examples and he might have been wiser still Nonetheless some of them do not date and others provide curiously strong link with a past that modern readers neve knew. Beerbohm's article about the well known music-hall comedian of seventy years ago, Dan Leno, not only gives on a believable notion of what that musi hall must have been but shows hov little novelty there is in the stand-up comic and how undifferent he is on television or in the night club from th similarly unsupported solo comedy o Leno on the empty stage. The review o Sarah Bernhardt's *Memoirs* raises ques tions of integrity that are apposite i any age. Beerbohm's appraisal of Shav as a dramatist—it was not positive—like his terse characterization of Thack eray as a novelist, will always deserv attention and demand consideration. *A Hypocrisy in Play-going* ought to b reprinted verbatim in the program o every foreign-language theatrical pro duction.

These selections from Beerbohm, then are no mere curiosity offered by one *fin de siècle* to another. Quite apart fron the tiny hidden needles that will stal one generation's cultist or pontificator o careerist or fraud quite as sharply a another's, they represent, for all thei occasional tics of rhetorical affectation a treasury of the joy of language and the uses of wit. ⊏

Dissolving the Problem

THE INVISIBLE PYRAMID. *By Loren Eiseley. Charles Scribner's Sons. 192 pp. $6.95.*

HAROLD FRUCHTBAUM

Mr. Fruchtbaum is an associate of Columbia University's Institute for the Study of Science in Human Affairs. He writes on the history and social philosophy of science and technology.

Social anthropologists have been telling us for some time that a society and its physical setting are inextricably linked, that the environment serves as both mask and support for the social order. How a people treats the natural world, for example, not only reveals its attitudes toward nature but tells something about human relationships, economics and politics, child-rearing and education. This means that any serious movement to stop the further destruction of the environment is ultimately radical, reaching as it does beyond regulations and institutions to the values at the roots of the society.

So it is not enough to decry pollution as many have been doing in the last year or two. Nor is it sufficient to suggest new laws or tinkering with the structures and procedures of governmental agencies and business organizations. Books and articles that do this are not in short supply. What we lack are thorough analyses of our attitudes about the environment and its economic exploitation, of our commitments to competition and cooperation, of our understanding of the "good life." What we need are the anthropological, psychological and historical perspectives that we have only begun to develop. With these our view of the world and of ourselves will be as profoundly changed as they were by the theories of Copernicus, Darwin and Freud. The need for such perspectives makes Loren Eiseley's *The Invisible Pyramid* especially disappointing.

Perhaps it is unfair to ask more of Eiseley than that which he usually gives the large audiences who have enjoyed

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is previous six books—a vivid blend of nthropology, archaeology, natural his-ory and the history of science written ı dramatic and at times sentimental, omewhat mystical prose. He is a stimu-ıting teacher for the layman, and that by no means a small accomplishment. 'et one hopes for more from a man with iseley's background as a professional nthropologist and student of the history f science. The serious reader expects the enetrating anthropological and historical ısights which our era needs. Instead, iseley gives but a superficial sketch of ıan in nature and society, some clever ıetaphors, and the warning that some-ıing must be done to save the natural 'orld.

Eiseley argues that we are locked ı a cosmic prison and confined to a ınall corner of it by the immensity of elestial distances and the brevity of bio-ogical life. Men are like white blood cells ı the animal body, he explains, passing ırough structures whose meaning they annot grasp, ignorant of what lies out-ide, if there is an outside. In other Eise-ey metaphors, man is like a spore bearer r a world eater, or an aggregating slime ıold thrusting up spore palaces which urst and shoot out living spores as far way proportionally as the moon. But o believe that men can flee earth and ınd a home elsewhere is an illusion, Eiseley says. He suggests, however, the istant possibility that intelligent machines r "cyborgs" (for cybernetic organisms) —products of a future biology and com-uter technology—could be developed for ınan's "final spore flight through the gal-xies." The cyborgs would carry pre-erved human genetic material ready to e activated and developed into living eings and educated by the machines.

Taking up Buckminster Fuller's meta-hor, Eiseley writes: "We are all of us—ınan, beast, and growing plant—aboard a pace ship of limited dimensions whose ourney began so long ago that we have ıbandoned one set of gods and are now n the process of substituting another in he shape of science." This troubles Eise-ey as it does many others. "Science in ur time," he says, "has opened to man he prospect of limitless power over ex-erior nature." Science is involved in the onstruction of an invisible pyramid into vhich has gone "an outpouring of wealth ınd inventive genius so vast that it con-titutes a public sacrifice equivalent in erms of relative wealth to the building f the Great Pyramid at Giza almost five housand years ago." What we must try o understand, Eiseley says, is "the nature f the scientific civilization we are in the rocess of creating." True enough, but ıow are we to accomplish this? Certainly t calls for more than a series of interest-ing but not very useful metaphors. And vague solutions, and programs like this one propounded by Eiseley, will not help:

> Today man's mounting numbers and his technological power to pollute his environment reveal a single demanding necessity: the necessity for him consciously to reenter and preserve, for his own safety, the old first world from which he originally emerged. His second world, drawn from his own brain, has brought him far, but it cannot take him out of nature, nor can he live by escaping into his second world alone. He must now incorporate from the wisdom of the axial thinkers an ethic not alone directed toward his fellows, but extended to the living world around him. He must make, by way of his cultural world, an actual conscious reentry into the sunflower forest he had thought merely to exploit or abandon. He must do this to survive. If he succeeds he will, perhaps, have created a third world which combines elements of the original two and which should bring closer the responsibilities and nobleness of character envisioned by the axial thinkers who may be acclaimed as the creators, if not of man, then of his soul.

How is any of this to be achieved? Eiseley does not say. What fundamental changes in the intersection between society and the environment will be needed? Eiseley offers no clue. How must the value structure be altered and how is this to be done? Eiseley is silent. What will the third world he speaks of be like in terms of institutions and human relationships? Eiseley gives no suggestions. Although he shows concern about how technological power is used, he does not confront the question of who makes the decisions about its use. What role should the mass of people have in this? What form should education take in industrial society? Could factories become centers of learning for the workers? How are the totalitarian biases of technology to be controlled? What should be done about America's disproportionate exploitation of the world's natural resources? How can the skills of the tens of thousands of engineers and scientists discarded by our military industries be employed for socially useful ends? Eiseley avoids such questions. He says that science endows culture with great energy, although how this comes about and what it means he does not trouble himself with, but he notes that "in the midst of triumph disenchantment sets in among the young." Why? Eiseley is not saying. Instead he expresses dissatisfaction with the youth culture: "Today's youth revolt is partly aimed at the destruction of the past and the humiliation of the previous generation." For those concerned about young people and their attitudes toward technology, Eiseley's remark, offered without further explanation, is less than helpful, to say the least, and reveals more about Eiseley, who is in his 60s, than about any-

ALBA, FOR A STRANGE LAND

(On writing to ask for a teaching post in Tanzania)

In the night,
I step out to mail a letter.
A chill wind is blowing,
here in the belly of the war-bloated dragon.
Across the world, in Tanzania,
the morning star of peoples' justice is rising.
Will they accept me?
I would ask the ancient Chinese
if this is an auspicious day—
of hopeful auguries for such an undertaking.
A German guard-dog growls in the darkness.
A great fear is abroad in this land.
The people are puzzled and angry.
Disgruntled, they run here and there,
seeking the causes of their pain,
never satisfied and growing always more confused.
The bloated dragon waxes ever more insane,
biting, in his rage, his own foul back-parts.

And in a far place, little known,
hope unfolds—simply, like the new green of Spring,
or a gentle lady disrobing.
And the people breathe the air of a new day,
and are happy.

David Rosenthal

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thing else. He apparently does not see that the reaction of those many young people who want to step out of a computerized, technological society in order to create social structures more human in size and more humane in operation may be the healthiest response possible at present.

Eiseley fears that technology is running out of control and science is beguiling man, but he gives neither an analysis of the phenomena nor proposals for changing them. Scientists, he says, are being drawn into the centers of power, but he suggests nothing about how they should be educated for that responsibility. "In simple terms," he writes, "the rise of a scientific society means a society of constant expectations directed toward the oncoming future. What we have is always second best, what we expect to have is 'progress.' What we seek, in the end, is Utopia. In the endless pursuit of the future we have ended by engaging to destroy the present." Perhaps. But merely saying these things is not sufficient at this late date. Eiseley has spun an empty entertainment that cannot stand up against the difficult issues besetting us. He has avoided what may be one of the intellectual's primary functions—to place responsibility for the failures of our society on the people and the institutions that control the society. The danger of Eiseley's book is that it gives the reader a false sense of understanding a major problem and its solution. At the moment we do not need such illusions. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

The production of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, directed by Patrick Garland, with Claire Bloom in the title role (Playhouse Theatre), is a most careful one. All its points are in italics. And they are all thoroughly false.

Hedda Gabler may be said to be a Nora who didn't slam the door on the doll's house. Hedda hadn't the courage. She is a romantic, dreaming of Dionysiac vine leaves in her imagined hero's hair, eager for adventures of the mind and, if she dared, exploits of the body.

Gabler *père* was a general; the military aristocracy was a declining class. There were lively parties in her father's house, peopled by rakes of the "upper crust," none of whom offered to marry her. Eilert Lovborg was one of the guests, a gifted, attractive, passionate man, but being a bohemian, given to riot. Hedda was tempted to an affair with him, but she was too proud and rigorously correct, as such ladies had to be amid the concealed licentiousness of her time and environment. So she drifted into marriage with an adoring but mediocre middle-class "academic." Having been raised with a taste for high life, she found the humdrum routine of being a professor's wife unbearable.

Hedda suffers because there beats in her the blood and yearning for a freedom she dare not grasp. The creative urges of her spirit are repressed. That which should have led to positive action becomes destructive. Hedda's despair is aggravated by the sight of her former schoolmate Thea Rysling who, less intelligent and worldly than herself, does leave her crude husband and make something worth while of herself.

There is little significance in the play if Hedda is viewed as a neurotic without cause, or even as a victim of sexual repression, a *femme fatale*, a demon, a mental case (I have seen the part played in all these fashions). In *Hedda Gabler* Ibsen dramatized the crippling consequences, dangerous to the self and to others, of the modern woman whose energies are curbed by men who use her as an ornament, an object of personal gratification or a domestic convenience. Such women either become bored to death or turn malefic, or like Hedda, do both. Ibsen's play and Hedda's character are sharply diminished in interest if Hedda is not seen as a person of stature in imagination, desire, wit and breeding, as well as in beauty. The suppression of Hedda's nature has not sapped her passion: it has poisoned it.

Patrick Garland's direction turns Hedda into an icy bitch. Her glacial indifference makes her rude and vulgar. Ibsen makes it clear that Hedda's slight of her husband's aunt seizes her in a momentary spasm of spite. Claire Bloom's (or Garland's) Hedda is insulting to the old lady from the outset. When Hedda commits the crime of burning Lovborg's manuscript (his "child" by Thea), Garland has Hedda do it with catatonic coldness; it is in fact an impetuous burst of violence, the insane release of her smothered impulses. The one thing which would make Hedda utterly dull and insignificant as a dramatic figure is frigidity. And that, with an occasional bellow of hysterical laughter or anger, is what this new Hedda provides—a "dead" Hedda.

To make their states of being evident the actors pose as in photographic tableaux. They speak at the rapid pace considered to be what our nervous, impatient audiences demand—so that much vital information about Hedda's background is more or less lost, and the ensuing action turns into somewhat obvious melodrama. We are not confronted with characters who speak to one another, but with well-rehearsed players who hear nothing but their cues. Garland's *Hedda Gabler* is "theatrical," but lifeless. Even the stove in which Hedda burns Lovborg's book is without fire. The production is at best a bloodless demonstration, not an embodiment of Ibsen's play.

Israel Horovitz's two one-act plays, *Acrobats* and *Line* (Theatre de Lys) are dramatic metaphors. In the first and shorter of the two, a troubled married life or perhaps marriage in general is equated with an acrobatic team (man and wife) who, as they go through their perilous exercises, vent their rage and their wish to be rid of each other. But their safety is entirely dependent on their arduous cooperation. When, in the process of performing one of the most difficult tricks, they both fall, the man admits that he loves his wife, a fact she never doubted.

Line, which was shown some years ago off Off-Broadway in a briefer version, has several people standing on line to move into a picture house, an athletic event or any desired goal, each vying with the others for priority. They employ every possible device, short of murder, to be first.

The youngest and cleverest of the group, a young man devoted to music, finally realizes in dismay that he can never be first in *his* line, for there will always be a great master (Mozart, for example) ahead of him. Then the others, equally baffled by competition or destiny, set up new "lines" (objectives) so that each may somehow become first in something.

Dramatic metaphors of this kind usually yield minor satisfaction and rarely benefit from elaboration. That is perhaps why Beckett's plays, which have inspired so many imitators, have grown shorter and shorter and have ended in silence. Horovitz has talent, and *Line*, well-played by the entire company, possesses its entertaining moments. *Acrobats* is also mildly amusing. But the insights of these skits are only happy flashes. Once the metaphor is stated, one feels little need for its prolongation in a chain of variations that might go on forever.

Having written a good number of such little pieces—most of them apt enough—Horovitz must work toward a greater density of dramatic matter to sustain larger forms.

Molière is rarely successful in English, and that is especially true of his

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verse plays. Part of their fun is the vivacity of their language, its gamboling agility. The comedies triumph not only through Molière's deft use of traditional plots and his canny treatment of characters of ancient lineage but through the sprightly energy with which they are written.

Richard Wilbur has wrought the miracle of rendering the dancelike verse into an English that preserves the shrewd merriment of the original. It is Wilbur's translation—though there are other merits—which makes *The School for Wives* a wholly pleasant occasion at the Lyceum Theatre. One laughs or smiles with special satisfaction because brightness of mind in Molière takes on the guise of foolery.

The theme of the play is recurrent in his work: an elderly man should not impose his desire, his material advantages, his need for comfort, or even his sober wisdom or stringently honest judgment on a much younger person. Molière at 40 had married an actress of 19. (People died early in 17th-century France, and 40 was considered an advanced age.) The troubles which ensue from such misalliances between old men and young girls became the subject of a whole series of his plays, most of them broadly comic, always sharpened by the pain caused him by his wife's infidelities.

In *The School for Wives* Molière dwells on the supposed shame of cuckoldry—always a central preoccupation in the French theatre—and adds that men should learn to reconcile themselves to it. The play was extremely bold for its time (1662); it gave utterance, perhaps for the first time in the European theatre, to the feminist ("women's liberation") point of view.

The production is ably directed by Stephen Porter without surprises or deviations from custom, and benefits from Brian Bedford's tight-lipped manner of conveying fatuity and the excellent reading of lines to which his acidulous voice adds a special tinge. Joan van Ark, lovely in form and demeanor, suggests understanding slowly awakening and peeping through the gossamer of innocence. Peggy Pope's bouncy little peasant maid and the general rightness of the rest of the cast help complete a nice evening.

Slag by David Hare, a workshop production of the Public Theatre, is interesting as an example of what a 23-year-old English playwright reveals about his generation. The play takes places in an obscure and declining secondary school for girls (the place has, to begin with, only eleven students), run by three teachers. One has a working-class background: she is militantly "Socialist" and violently against the male dominance of society. Another, of wealthy parentage, is a bit of a nymphomaniac. The third, the headmistress, is probably Lesbian. All of them are cracked: sadistic, foulmouthed, hysterical, and given to long speeches in fluent and "classy" English.

The impression made, besides that of political muddle, is one of frenzy, verbose confusion of mind and spirit, a considerable gift for acrid humor and, above all, roiling impotence. There may be social significance in this, but it is perhaps more typical of how young English playwrights today begin their careers. I imagine David Hare as a John Osborne before the fact. One can only hope that he will develop some of Osborne's assets and avoid the debits. Though *Slag* is overlong, it did not bore me; when it irritated me, I was still able to accept it as an oblique or lopsided satiric "documentary."

What I liked best in the evening were the three hardy actresses—Kathryn Walker, Roberta Maxwell, Margo Ann Berdeshevsky—who undertook the difficult roles and made them oddly sympathetic and attractive. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Among a number of concerts given this season to honor Aaron Copland's anniversary, one of the most effective was the evening at Hunter College Playhouse devoted to his vocal music (February 9), not least for the work of a superior chorus (trained by Ralph Hunter) that gave full verbal and tonal values to the engaging and elegantly crafted arrangements of *Old American Songs*, and equally to the spacious and powerful setting of the opening lines of Genesis, *In the Beginning*. Before conducting the ensemble, Copland joined Phyllis Curtin in a finely responsive reading of the *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson*, one of his subtlest and most precisely imagined works. It is, indeed, the specifically pianistic character of the writing in these songs that worked against the success of Copland's orchestral version of eight of them, first heard last fall at the Juilliard concert on his 70th birthday—an interesting and revealing contrast to the songs of Stravinsky, the contrapuntally conceived textures of which transfer with almost equally effective results to different media.

The soloist for *In the Beginning* was the mezzo Jan DeGaetani, who has emerged this season as one of our most

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accomplished and musicianly singers, not only in the contemporary literature with which she is frequently identified (George Crumb's cannily evocative settings of Lorca and Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, among others) but also in more traditional literature. One of the pleasures of her imaginatively conceived recital last December at New York University was the decidedly nonstandard choice of "traditional" literature, ranging from the 13th-century *Cantigas de Santa Maria*, through Telemann, to Wolf, Vaughan Williams and Ives, with the able assistance of oboist Philip West and pianist Gilbert Kalish; the level of diction, vocal culture and musicianship was throughout exceptional.

Another exception to the prevailingly low standards of singing these days is the British mezzo Janet Baker, but it was disappointing to hear, in a recital at Hunter (February 6), that her performances have become mechanical and overstudied. Perhaps Miss Baker's static repertory is at fault, for a surprising number of songs on this program were repetitions from earlier recitals, including her local debut some four years ago; whatever the reason, the loss of spontaneity was palpable. How stupefying that a singer with so much technical facility could so completely miss the point of the final aria from Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, the entire sense of which depends on the relation of extravagant ornament to a steady basic pulse. It is obvious that Miss Baker can sing this piece as strictly in tempo as anyone alive, but she effectively filleted out the rhythmic backbone and destroyed the very basis of the music's humor. And, in any case, what are operatic arias doing on a recital program these days, when there is no longer a need to make such repertory available? Aside from the shift of scale that it involves, musical values are often traduced as well: the aria "Parto, parto," from Mozart's *La Clemenza da Tito*, one of Miss Baker's standard showpieces, must be heard as a kind of *duo concertante* between voice and clarinet, and no pianist can reasonably be expected to make the solo instrument's line stand out sufficiently from the rest of the accompaniment to clarify this texture.

In the past, I have inveighed against the presentation of song recitals in spaces as large as Carnegie Hall, and the problems were again much in evidence at the duet evening offered by Miss Baker and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, with Daniel Barenboim at the piano (January 26). At some locations in the house the sound arrives intact and well focused, but the orchestra floor is not one of them (the top balcony, both at Carnegie and Philharmonic, is traditionally the best spot); the loss of intimacy is inimical to the spirit of most of this literature—and has, arguably, been deleterious to vocal style. The duet repertory, in particular, is generally of lighter weight than the solo, and even less suited to proclamatory projection—the exception being the duets of Robert Schumann, every bit as inspired as his solo songs. Fortunately, the Carnegie program, although basically similar to the one recorded at a recital in London (Angel S-36712), omitted a group of arrangements from Purcell in favor of additional Schumann pieces; although these two particular voices are not ideally compatible in tone quality, the music was honestly presented, with Barenboim notably (and happily) less obsequious than some previous accompanists at Fischer-Dieskau's New York recitals.

Although his evenings as accompanist were only part of an incredible schedule of activity, there was evidence that Barenboim is a rather better musician than his publicity (all that "Jackie and Danny" stuff) might lead the wary observer to expect. The Philharmonic did not play well during his tenure as guest conductor, but then they have not played well for others this season. What I did find disturbing in his reading of, say, Beethoven's *Eroica*, was a type of exhibitionistic tempo articulation (as if to say, "Listen, I have heard the Furtwängler recording!") so awkwardly effected as to destroy continuity; instead of clarifying, it muddled the long-range structure. The Brahms First was more successful, but ran aground in the required tempo changes of the last movement. But at all times it was hard to tolerate the crude orchestral work, especially when counterpoised with Alfred Brendel's finely tuned and exquisitely phrased reading of the Mozart C major Concerto, K. 503. Incredibly, this was Brendel's first appearance with the Philharmonic; happily, he could also be heard without the orchestra's ill-balanced and ill-coordinated support, in a superb Beethoven recital at Hunter (January 30), where his absolute command of the instrument revealed genuine pianistic values in the final fugue of the "Hammerklavier" Sonata. Brendel's control of musical flow, his shaping and differentiation of Beethoven's textures, and his utter clarity of articulation are truly exceptional today, and markedly more profound and revelatory than when he recorded the Beethoven sonatas for Vox some years ago.

Among "new" works offered by the orchestras, Alexander Goehr's Violin Concerto (1962) seemed sectional and fragmentary, despite some effectively conceived display work for the soloist (Ruggiero Ricci, with Barenboim and the Philharmonic, December 30-January 4); perhaps the apparently listless performance contributed to that impression. Ingolf Dahl's Saxophone Concerto (1949) proved to be an attractive and rhythmically inventive score, the ensemble (of winds and brass only) used with considerable panache; Harvey Pittel was the excellent soloist, with the Boston Symphony under Michael Tilson Thomas (January 13). Mr. Thomas makes interesting programs; this one began with a performance of Webern's Opus 6 Orchestral Pieces that brilliantly evoked the Mahlerian roots of Webern's aesthetic.

As on other occasions, the "newest" music to be heard during the month was Schoenberg's—not only Bruno Maderna's lyrical reading of *Pierrot Lunaire* (January 31, at Tully Hall) but especially a revelatory reading of the *Ode to Napoleon* by the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University (January 11). Since the recitation of Byron's poem was entrusted to a professional singer (Richard Frisch), the rhythmic values of the spoken part were for once integrated with the musical ensemble (Frisch also did some subtle and interesting things with Schoenberg's equivocal pitch notation). It seems clear now that the *Ode* is in absolute terms a "failure," for Byron inevitably got short shrift in this determinedly musical reading, the reverse of

WHAT ONE SURVIVOR SAID

Two yards or so of white sheet, tangled
To make a rope the ends of which are strapped
Round the head, steel bedrails. Contorted, bare,
Saliva spewed on fish-white flesh, lies strangled
One wretchedness called man that has escaped
Every device brutality has fangled
To keep those gone insane alive, aware
Nothing can help, nothing can stop the pain
These animals or men must quarter in
Long after hope is gone but no, not fear.

Roger Hecht

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he relation usually obtaining. This ambiguity, as underlined by the Group's performance, made an intriguing conclusion to an evening of poetry and music, in which Richard Howard's entertaining Browningish character portraits were counterpoised to musical settings—one of which, Charles Wuorinen's conscientious and considerate (of the poet) setting of Howard's Ruskin evocation, demonstrated the other horn of the dilemma: with the text given its own pace, the music seemed overextended. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

I have come both times from the films of Eric Rohmer in a state of mental stimulation and general high spirits—and grateful, in these generally unaspiring times, for the sophistication, ethical scruples and wit of this remarkable writer/director. *My Night at Maud's* was the first of his Six Moral Tales that I saw; it is the third in the series. The fifth, *Claire's Knee*, has just opened; the fourth, *La Collectionneuse*, has not yet been released here. As I am told, each of his "tales" operates from the same premise: a man committed to one woman is momentarily attracted to another, but in the end returns to the first. However, the facets of this triangle are infinite, and on the evidence I have seen thus far, Rohmer is not at all restricted by his formula.

He is a bold man to make films that are so frankly verbal; and he is a man of extraordinary intelligence and sensitivity that almost entirely by conversation can develop movies of moral discrimination that do not for a moment make one restless for the flow of action associated with the medium. He conveys so precisely to his cast the shades of meaning in the characters he intends to create that the actors engender the most gratifyingly subtle personalities with a minimum of overt event. They glow with individuality by virtue of their expressions, gestures and conversations. Rohmer's people have just two qualities in common: they have brains and they are civilized. These assets are at some discount today, and this superb storyteller makes evident how much we sacrifice by misprizing them.

Claire's Knee takes place at a small summer resort on the shore of Lake Annecy. Jerome, a 35-year-old diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) has returned to the place to sell a house in which he spent the holidays of his childhood. There he meets again Aurora, a novelist (Aurora Cornu) whom he had known, and with whom I would suppose he had had an affair, some years earlier. Jerome is now engaged to a girl in Sweden, and he and Aurora take up their relationship on the level of affectionate friendship.

She is staying with an older woman who has two daughters, Laura (Beatrice Romand), 16, who presently comes in from school, and Claire (Laurence De Monaghan), who is expected in a few days from Paris.

Now I cannot tell in detail what takes place among these four, because it all happens in their minds and hearts, and action in those realms is so varied, elusive and embellished with nuances that to recount it would take far longer than a recapitulation of the most eventful and sub-plotted of melodramas. Both Jerome and Aurora are in a time of limbo—suggested by the breaking of the picture into daily passages, as though it were being told on the backs of a series of Alpine postcards—he being away from his job and his fiancée and she being between books. Further, for all their mutual affection, they are somewhat armed against each other by their memories, and they begin an exchange of feints. She remarks that the little one, Laura, is much drawn to him, and he replies to the effect that novelists are forever manipulating their associates for the benefit of their trade. She doesn't trouble much to deny it, and he is challenged by the absurdity of the role she intimates to him—also, the child attracts him.

Then Claire arrives—Claire, who is a little older and very much more beautiful than the large-eyed, elfin-bodied Laura—and Jerome is even more strongly attracted. Aurora continues to move among them as a kind of sibylline catalyst.

These people are all very lucky and nothing happens. But as far as the older pair are concerned, one can scarcely approve of their behavior because, whereas love has become for them a game that they play with both skill and satisfaction, they are irresponsible to become involved with the girls, for whom it is still the magic of the world. Fortunately, Jerome is a decent man and, though an amorist, one who is not able, nor has ever found it necessary, to be predatory. He allows himself to become much too deeply involved with Laura, particularly since she is indeed susceptible to him. But Laura is remarkably bright and even more remarkably self-aware; as she explains, her mother, both widowed and divorced, has confided in her rather more than is usual with mothers and daughters. She knows what Jerome represents, and though she finds it sweet, she also knows that she wants something quite different. She saves that situation.

By American norms, Laura is a strangely contradictory sort of child. She looks and can behave as one very young for 16—moving entirely like a colt and prattling away about the trick she and her chums are going to play on a mean teacher. At the same time—and far beyond the capacities we should expect to find in an American girl the same age—she is able to evaluate accurately not only her own feelings but those that confront her. She is by no means afraid to speak and she speaks well. She does not intend to let Jerome hurt her, but she is intent also on not hurting him. I trust Rohmer that there are French girls like Laura; for the moment, she is my favorite heroine.

Claire does hurt him somewhat—she makes him feel his age, which always bothers a man, though at 35 not grievously. Unlike the nebulous relationship with Laura, a union between Jerome and Claire, while perhaps unsuitable, would not be outrageous. But whereas Laura sees perfectly the possibilities that Jerome might represent for her, Claire is protected by preoccupation with a real and immediate erotic commitment that blocks Jerome's significance from her consciousness. What he does from desire, she reads

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as consolation; and he is not, to his own relief, the man to enlighten her.

Commitment—that, I think, is the key to this moral tale of Rohmer's. Both Aurora and Jerome have commitments—to their work, to their friends, to their convictions; but, so I judge, they no longer commit their hearts, reserving that organ for what they now see as the entertainment of life. Therefore, it is wrong of them—not, as it turns out, wickedly wrong, but the fault of some vanity and some triviality—to let ambiguities arise in the case of girls whose hearts are as yet the only things they have to commit.

It is a captivating story, suffused with goodness at several layers of purity, and told with a resourcefulness that can come only from a deep knowlege of and respect for human beings. If I have not in this short space managed to convey all of its delicacy and strength—the simultaneous and conflicting impulses of the people Rohmer introduces to us, the questions of mind and spirit it leaves to be defined and answered at leisure—I hope I have said enough to impel my readers to experience for themselves the rich humanity of the film. I need hardly add that Rohmer uses his cameras with a modest elegance that coincides with the great joy he takes in the ingenuity of human behavior. In this case, also, he has placed his story in a spot of legendary natural beauty.

Anything I may say about Carlos Saura's *The Garden of Delights* beyond adjectival generalizations will take the edge off the picture for other viewers, and that, it seems to me, defines its achievement—guessing games are a limited form of dramatic invention. The film is also in the mode known as "black comedy," which consists in treating appalling human relationships as great jokes. The device is purgative in short stanzas, but runs the risk when extended of turning brassy and seeming as heartless as the behavior it excoriates.

But with these qualifications, I admire *The Garden of Delights,* as well for the menacing beauty of its photography as for the antic inventiveness of its many extravagant passages. To be explicit, while doing as little damage as possible: Antonio (Jose Luis Lopez Vasquez), the heir and active head of a Spanish construction company, which he has made into a firm of national importance by rebuilding from the rubble left by the Civil War, has been in an automobile accident that left him paralyzed and mute. The members of his family—father, wife, grown children, mistress and what I took to be various cousins also associated with the business—attempt to cure him. Seeming to invent psychotherapy as they go along, they create tableaux representing critical incidents in his life, hoping that the shock of recognition will galvanize his powers into functioning once again. Since the family is wealthy, it can afford surprisingly elaborate charades, made ghoulishly bizarre by the spastic response of the one-man audience and the limited dramatic skill of the participants. The considerable expenditures are justified, moreover, because they are not motivated by love for the invalid, but by the fact that he alone can gain access to the Swiss bank account in which the bulk of the firm's reserves have been prudently deposited.

As time passes, nature or possibly the amateur theatricals begin to tell; Antonio walks and in a fragmentary way he talks. Also, we are entitled to believe, he forms a much shrewder notion than his dear family realizes of what the extravagant activities on his behalf are really about. He even goes in for enactments of his own, luring his wife out onto the water, where, croaking "*An American Tragedy*," he rocks the boat alarmingly and pokes at her ineffectually with an oar. This made me laugh in a way I do not think the director intended, but then he cannot be expected to know that over here Dreiser's drowning scene has become a cliché of sordid melodrama.

The most humane scene in the picture is one in which the son, reversing traditional roles, cruelly denounces and banishes the "child" from his favor. It is humane because it is motivated by honest hate rather than calculation—it also seems to work the most marked improvement on the paralytic. Otherwise the picture is icy. I salute its intelligent implacability, while I am estranged by its mechanistic rationality. □

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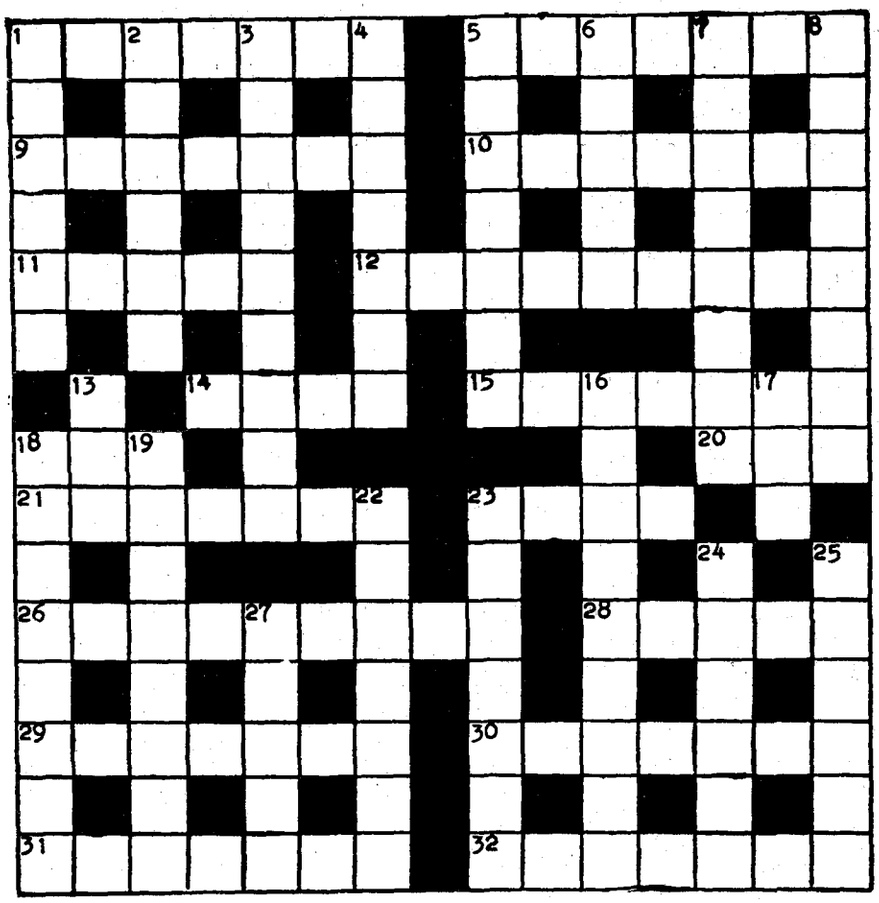

ACROSS

1, 6 and 20 What a collar and tags might be for, when duding up. (7,2,3,3)
5 A hundred to one offering a high ball will get you beat! (7)
9 The sort of ancestor that left nothing out in fits of complete absorption. (7)
10 Summers come just before falls, obviously. (7)
11 Drink possibly proved deadly to a big man! (5)
12 But our sailors weren't favorably so, in the early 19th century. (9)
14 See 13 down
15 Movie that makes us in one way very serious. (7)
18 Agency intended to help out. (3)
21 Concerning a young man's premises? (7)
23 Given out with the air of a dynasty? (4)
26 Neatly fashioned about the limb, in a gracefully refined manner. (9)
28 Festival, but not down back on the border. (5)
29 It has only a slight ledge at the edge, but you should put better batter here.
30 An unmasking of the Pale Sox involvement. (7)
31 Usually more than one jack required, unless they're the lid-lifting type. (7)
32 Being rather intent on getting the listener home, perhaps. (7)

DOWN

1 Shop at random, if caustic. (6)
2 Descriptive of Mrs. Siddons' muse. (6)
3 Trying to lose one's identity so? (9)
4 With some fuel, the engine sound suggests a lack of air. (7)
5 Sounds as though Tom's father should be the one used. (7)
7 Met boldly, as the Robin is Red. (8)
8 Sort of dies in the circle, or is it still living? (8)
13 and 14 Seeing how we have to contend with the projection of the building? (7)
16 A treatise of Mme. Dudevant? (At least it shows grit!) (9)
17 A measure of punishment? (3)
18 Just one note after another, as long as they're in harmonic relation. (8)
19 A newspaper article might have it crossed during some voyages. (4,4)
22 They might take care to be model types.
23 Ten ryes should be enough to help make the rubber! (7)
24 In disturbed rest, it might be sad. (6)
25 They say you can't make one without something getting broken. (6)
27 If the ingredients of 25 are, you shouldn't use them. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1383

ACROSS: 1 Supervision; 9 and 7 down Taxi dancer; 10 Uncle; 12 Scandal; 13 Starlit; 15 Greatest; 18 and 28 Ticker tape; 21 Red Cross; 24 Educate; 26 Pen name; 29 Abeam; 30 Uses; 31 Under arrest. DOWN: 2 Union Jack; 3 Emulate; 4 and 16 Viceregent; 5 Sweeter; 6 Other, 8 Albion; 14 and 11 Star shell; 17 Geraniums; 19 and 23 Indian summer; 20 Retrace; 22 Dreamer; 25 Clean; 27 Vega.

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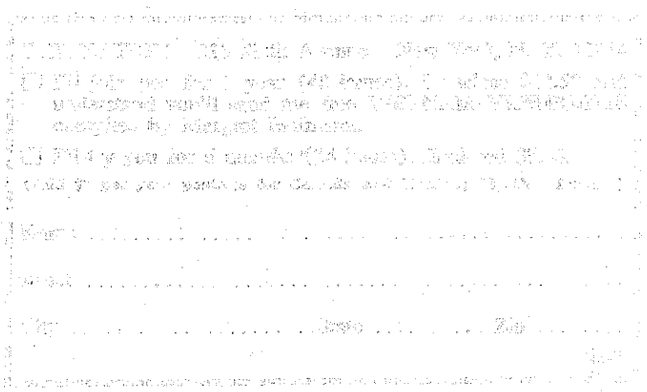

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